

THE
FUNERAL;

AND THE
Tender Husband:

COMEDIES.

WRITTEN
By Mr. STEELE.

Printed for *Henry Scheurleer* at *Eraf-*
mus's Head in the Market-Place
at the *Hague*. MDCCXII.





To Her GRACE the
DUTCHESSES
OF
HAMILTON.

MADAM,



It is frequent to make
Addresses of this Na-
ture at the Front of
Books to implore fu-
ture Patronage, but I do not know
of any Acknowledgments expressed

* A

this

DEDICATION.

this way for Favour towards Writings, after they have appear'd in the World. I am sure there is a juster Pretence for taking the Liberty of presenting a Dedication in Gratitude for Protection already granted, than to supplicate such an Obligation. Your Grace will, therefore, forgive me, that I lay before You an Edition of a Book, which I believe would never have appeared, had not these Plays been acted at Your Request, long after the Run of them, as the Phrase is, was over in the Town. If You will please to continue to them, by Your Influence, the Life to which You restored 'em, You will, I hope, do
an

DEDICATION.

an Act not unworthy that Ingenuous Temper, which makes You so Affectionately promote the more liberal Entertainments of the Stage. I have the Confidence to say thus much for these Comedies, because they are certainly Inoffensive, if they do not deserve to be called Instructive. But I have said the best thing I can to recommend them, when I have declared they have Your Grace's Approbation.

For, in Writing Plays, not to displease such whose Minds are filled with the worthiest Ideas of what is Laudable in real Life, is much more than to escape the Censure of such as are more inclined to observe

DEDICATION.

observe the Conduct of the Characters, as they are part of a Dramatick Entertainment.

If this elegant Taste (with relation to Writings) in which your Grace excels, were more frequently the Ambition of Ladies to attain, I do not know but a Conversation built upon the Characters in a well-wrought Play, might be almost as Instructive as the common Practice among them, of pulling to Pieces the Conduct of familiar Friends, or rehearsing defamatory Reports of those to whom they are Strangers.

But such Meannesses ought not to be mentioned in an Epistle to the
Dutcheſs

DEDICATION.

Dutcheſs of HAMILTON, whoſe whole Behaviour is the lively Expreſſion of that ſort of good Breeding which is founded on the Principles of good Nature and Generoſity.

Your Favour is ever beſtowed on the Unfortunate, and Your Praise on the Abſent. The juſt Condeſcenſion with which Your Converſation is always adorned, at once gives Speech to the Humble, and Silence to the Preſumptuous. Your Affability to me, when I have the Honour to wait upon You, and the very kind Things You have ſo frequently ſaid of theſe Writings in my Abſence, put me
under

DEDICATION.

under a Temptation of falling into the usual Language of Dedications. But I know this would be highly Offensive to You, and for this Reason I forbear to tell You, that Your High Station in the World is as easie to Your Inferiors as Your Self; that were You to appear any where unknown, all that should converse with You, would believe or wish Your Quality what it is; and that all who know You think it as impossible to Envy You, as not to Esteem You. As for this Acknowledgment which I here make You, for Your Partiality to these Comedies, all I can say is, that I shall think
my

DEDICATION.

my self very happy, if you find,
upon reading them again, that it is
no Diminution to You, (what is
a great Addition to me) that I
am,

M A D A M,

Your Grace's

Most Oblig'd and

Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

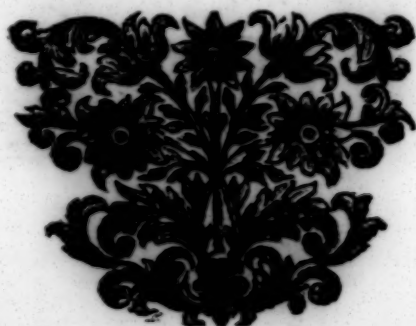
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THE
FUNERAL:
OR,
Grief A-la-mode.
A
COMEDY.

*Ut Qui conducti plorant in Funere, dicunt
Et Faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo, sic
Derisor Vero plus Laudatore movetur. Hor.*



Printed in the YEAR 1712.

To the Right Honourable the

C O U N T E S S

O F

ALBEMARLE.

MADAM,



AMONG the many
Novelties with which
Your LADYSHIP, a
Stranger in our Na-
tion, is daily enter-
tain'd, You have not yet been
made acquainted with the Poetical
English Liberty, the Right of De-
A 2 dication;

DEDICATION.

dication ; which Entitles us to a Privilege of Celebrating whatever for its Native Excellence is the just Object of Praise ; and is an Antient Charter, by which the Muses have always a Free Access to the Habitation of the Graces.

Hence it is that this Comedy waits on Your Ladyship, and presumes to Welcome You amongst us ; tho' indeed, Madam, we are surpriz'd to see You bring with You, what we thought was of our own Growth only, an agreeable Beauty ; Nay, we must assure You, that we cannot give up so Dear an Article of our Glory, but assert it by our Right in You : For if 'tis a Maxim founded on the Noblest Human Law, that of Hospitality, that every Soil is a Brave Man's

DEDICATION.

Man's Country, *England* has a very just Pretence of Claiming as a Native, a Daughter of Mr. *Scravenmore*.

But Your Ladyship is not only endear'd to us by the great Services of your Father, but also by the kind Offices of your Husband, whose Frank Carriage falls in with our Genius, which is Free, Open, and Unreserv'd; In this the Generosity of your Tempers makes You both Excel in so peculiar a Manner, that your Good Actions are their own Reward; nor can they be return'd with Ingratitude, for none can forget the Benefits You Confer so soon as You do Your Selves.

But Ye have a more indisputable Title to a Dramatick Performance,

DEDICATION.

than all these Advantages; for You are Your selves, in a Degenerate low Age, the Noblest Characters which that fine Passion that supports the Stage, has inspir'd; and as You have practis'd as Generous a Fidelity as the Fancies of Poets have ever drawn in their Expecting Lovers, so may You Enjoy as high a Prosperity as ever they have bestow'd on their Rewarded: This You may possess in an happy Security, for Your Fortunes cannot move so much Envy, as Your Persons Love. I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

P R E F A C E.

THE Rehearſal of this Comedy was honour'd with the Preſence of the Duke of *Devonſhire*, who is as diſtinguiſhed by his Fine Underſtanding as High Quality; The Innocence of it mov'd him to the Humanity of Expreſſing himſelf in its Favour. 'Tis his manner to be pleas'd where he is not offended; a Condeſcenſion which delicate Spirits are oblig'd to for their own Eaſe, for they would have but a very ill time of it, if they ſuffer'd themſelves to be diverted with nothing but what could bear their Judgment.

That Elegant and Illuſtrious Perſon, will, I hope, pardon my Gratitude to the Town, which obliges me to report ſo ſubſtantial a Reaſon for their Approbation of this Play, as that he permitted it: But I know not in what Words to thank my Fellow-Soldiers for their Warmth and Zeal in my behalf, nor to what to attribute their undeſerved Favour, except it be that 'tis habitual to 'em to run to the Succour of thoſe they ſee in Danger—

The Subject of the *Drama* 'tis hoped will be acceptable to all Lovers of Mankind, ſince Ridicule is partly levell'd at a Sett of People who live in impatient Hopes to ſee us out of the

P R E F A C E.

World, a Flock of Ravens that attend this numerous City for their Carcasses; but indeed 'tis not in the power of any Pen to speak 'em better than they do themselves: As for Example, on a Door I just now past by, a great Artist thus informs us of his Cures upon the Dead;

W. W. Known and Approved for his Art of Embalming, having preserved the Corps of a Gentlewoman sweet and entire Thirteen Years, without Embowelling, and has reduced the Bodies of several Persons of Quality to Sweetness in Flanders and Ireland, after Nine Months Putrefaction in the Ground, and they were known by their Friends in England. No Man performeth the like.

He must needs be strangely in love with this Life, who is not touch'd with this kind Invitation to be Pickled; and the noble Operator must be allow'd a very useful Person for bringing old Friends together; nor would it be unworthy his Labour to give us an Account at large of the sweet Conversation that arose upon meeting such an entire Friend as he mentions.

But to be Serious; Is there any thing, but its being downright Fact, could make a rational Creature believe 'twere possible to arrive at this Fantastick Posthumous Folly? Not at the same time but that 'twere Buffoonery rather than Satyr to explode all Funeral Honours; but then it is certainly necessary to make 'em such that the Mourners should be in earnest, and the
Lamented

P R E F A C E.

Lamented worthy of our Sorrow : But this Purpose is so far from being serv'd, that it is utterly destroy'd by the manner of Proceeding among us, where the Obsequies which are due only to the Best and Higheſt of human Race (to admonish their ſhort Survivors that neither Wit, nor Valour, nor Wiſdom, nor Glory can ſuſpend our Fate) are prostituted, and beſtow'd upon ſuch as have nothing in Common with Men, but their Mortality.

But the dead Man is not to paſs off ſo eaſily, for his laſt Thoughts are alſo to ſuffer Diſſection, and it ſeems there is an Art to be learn'd to ſpeak our own Senſe in other Mens Words, and a Man in a Gown that never ſaw his Face ſhall tell you immediately the Deſign of the Deceas'd, better than all his old Acquaintance ; which is ſo perfect an *Hocus Pocus*, that without you can repeat ſuch and ſuch Words, you cannot convey what is in your Hands into another's ; but far be it from any Man's Thought to ſay there are not Men of ſtrict Integrity of the Long Robe, tho' it is not every Body's good Fortune to meet with 'em.

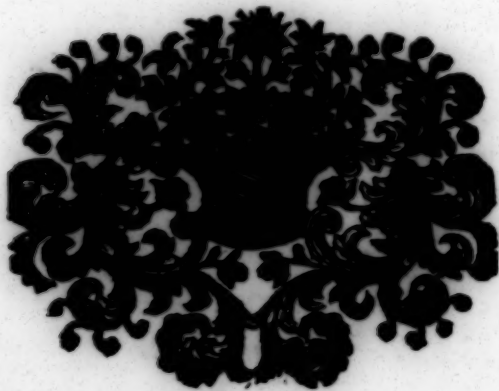
However the daily legal Villanies we ſee committed, will alſo be eſteem'd things proper to be proſecuted by Satyr, nor could our enſuing Legiſlative do their Country a more ſeaſonable Office than to look into the Diſtreſſes of an unhappy People, who groan perhaps in as much Miſery under intangled, as they could do under broken Laws ; nor could there be a Reward high enough aſſign'd for a great Genius, if ſuch may be found, who has Capacity ſuffi-

P R E F A C E.

sufficient to glance through the false Colours that are put upon us, and propose to the *English* World, a Method of making Justice flow in an uninterrupted Stream; there is so clear a Mind in being, whom we will name in Words that of all Men breathing can be only said of him; 'Tis he that is Excellent

*Seu linguam causis acuit, seu Civica Jura
Responsare parat, seu condit amabile carmen.*

Other Enemies that may arise against this poor Play are indeed less terrible, but much more powerful than these, and they are the Ladies; but if there is any thing that argues a Sower'd Man, who lashes all for Lady *Brumpton*; we may hope there will be seen also a Devoted Heart, that esteems all for Lady *Sbarlot* —



P R O-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

Nature's Deserted, and Dramatick Art,
To dazzle now the Eye, has left the Heart;
Gay Lights, and Dresses, long extended Scenes,
Dæmons and Angels moving in Machines,
All that can now, or please, or fright the Fair,
May be perform'd without a Writer's Care,
And is the Skill of Carpenter, not Player:
Old Skakespear's Days could not thus far Advance;
But what's his Buskin to our Ladder Dance?
In the mid Region a silk Youth to stand,
With that unweildy Engine at Command!
Gorg'd with intemperate Meals while here you sit,
Well may you take Activity for Wit:
Fie, let Confusion on such Dulness seize;
Blush you're so pleas'd, as we that so we please.
But we, still kind to your inverted Sense,
Do most unnatural Things once more dispense.
For since you're still preposterous in Delight,
Our Author made, a full House to invite,
A Funeral a Comedy to Night.
Nor does he fear that you will take the Hint,
And let the Funeral his own be meant;
No, in Old England nothing can be won
Without a Faction, Good or Ill be done;
To own this our frank Author does not fear,
But hopes for a prevailing Party here;
He knows h'has num'rous Friends, nay knows they'll show it,
And for the Fellow-Soldier save the Poet.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

L ord Brumpton.	Mr. Thomas.
Lord Hardy, Son to Ld. Brumpton.	Mr. Cibber.
Mr. Campley.	Mr. Wilks.
Mr. Trusty, Steward to Ld. Brumpton.	Mr. Mills.
Cabinet.	Mr. Toms.
Mr. Sable, an Undertaker.	Mr. Johnson.
Puzzle, a Lawyer.	Mr. Bowen.
Trim, Servant to Lord Hardy.	Mr. Pinkethman.
Tom, the Lawyer's Clerk.	Mr. Fairbanck.

W O M E N.

Lady Brumpton.	Mrs. Verbruggen.	
Lady Sharlot	} Orphan - Sisters left in } ward to Ld. Brumpton }	Mrs. Oldfeild.
Lady Harriot		Mrs. Rogers.
Mademoiselle d'Epingle.	Mrs. Lucas.	
Tattleaid.	Mrs. Kent.	
Mrs. Fardingale.	Mr. Norris.	
Kate Matchlock.	Mr. Bullock.	

Visitant-Ladies, Sable's Servants, Recruits, &c.

SCENE Covent-Garden.

T H E

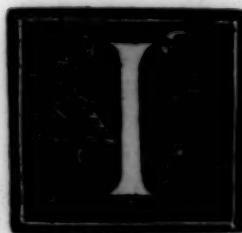


THE
FUNERAL:
OR,
Grief A-la-mode.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cabinet, Sable, and Campley.

C A B I N E T.



Burst into Laughter, I can't bear to see Writ over an Undertaker's Door, Dresses for the Dead, and Necessaries for Funerals! Ha! ha! ha!

Sab. Well Gentlemen, 'tis very well, I know you are of the Laughers, the Wits that take the Liberty to deride all things that are Magnificent and Solemn.

Cam. Nay, but after all, I can't but admire *Sable's* nice Discerning on the superfluous Cares of Mankind,
that

that could lead them to the thought of raising an Estate by providing Horses, Equipage, and Furniture, for those that no longer need 'em.

Cab. But is it not strangely contradictory, that Men can come to so open, so apparent an Hypocrisie, as in the Face of all the World, to hire profess'd Mourners to grieve, lament, and follow in their stead, their nearest Relations, and stubborn others to do by Art, what they themselves should be prompted to by Nature?

Sab. That's reasonably enough said, but they regard themselves only in all they act for the Deceas'd, and the poor Dead are deliver'd to my Custody, to be Embalm'd, Slash'd, Cut, and Dragg'd about, not to do them Honour, but to satisfy the Vanity or Interest of their Survivors.

Cam. This Fellow's every way an Undertaker How well and luckily he talks! His Prating so aptly, has methinks something more Ridiculous in it, than if he were Absurd! *[Aside to Cabinet.*

Cab. But, as Mr. *Campley* says, how could you dream of making a Fortune from so Chimerical a Foundation, as the Provision of things wholly Needless and Insignificant.

Sab. Alas Gentlemen, the Value of all things under the Sun is meerly Fantastick: We run, we strive, and purchase things with our Blood and Money, quite foreign to our Intrinsic real Happiness, and which have a Being in Imagination only, as you may see by the pudder that is made about Precedence, Titles, Court Favour, Maidenheads, and China-ware—

Cam. Ay, Mr. *Sable*, but all those are Objects that promote our Joy, are bright to the Eye, or stamp upon our Minds Pleasure and Self-satisfaction.

Sab. You are extreamly mistaken, Sir; for one would wonder to consider that after all our Outcries against Self-interested Men, there are few, very few
in

in the whole World that Live to themselves, but sacrifice their Bosom-Bliss to enjoy a vain Show, and Appearance of Prosperity in the Eyes of others; and there is often nothing more inwardly distress'd, than a young Bride in her glittering Retinue, or deeply joyful, than a young Widow in her Weeds and black Train; of both which, the Lady of this House may be an Instance, for she has been the one, and is, I'll be sworn, the other.

Cab. You talk, Mr. *Sable*, most Learnedly!

Sab. I have the deepest Learning, Sir, Experience: Remember your Widow Cousin that married last Month.

Cab. Ay! But how cou'd you imagine she was in all that Grief an Hypocrite? — could all those Shrieks, those Swoonings, that Rising falling Bosom be constrain'd? You're Uncharitable, *Sable*, to believe it — what Colour, what Reason had you for it?

Sab. First, Sir, her Carriage in her Concerns with me, for I never yet could meet with a sorrowful Relict, but was her self enough to make an hard Bargain with me — Yet I must confess they have frequent Interruptions of Grief and Sorrow when they read my Bill — but as for her, nothing, she resolv'd, that look'd Bright or Joyous should after her Love's Death approach her. All her Servants that were not cole Black must turn out; a fair Complexion made her Eyes and Heart ake, she'd none but downright Jet, and to exceed all Example she hir'd my Mourning Furniture by the Year, and in case of my Mortalityty'd my Son to the same Article; so in six Weeks time ran away with a young Fellow — Prethee push on briskly, Mr. *Cabinet*, now is your time to have this Widow, for *Tattleaid* tells me she always said she'd never Marry —

Cab. As you say, that's generally the most hopeful Sign.

Sab.

The FUNERAL: Or,

Sab. I tell you, Sir, 'tis an infallible one; you know those Professions are only to introduce Discourse of Matrimony and young Fellows.

Cab. But I swear I could not have Confidence ev'n after all our long Acquaintance, and the mutual Love, which his Lordship (who indeed has now been so kind as to leave us) has so long interrupted, to mention a thing of such a Nature so unseasonably —

Sab. Unseasonably! Why I tell you 'tis the only Season (granting her Sorrow unfeign'd:) When would you speak of Passion, but in the midst of Passions? There's a what d'ye call, a Crisis — the lucky Minute that's so talk'd of, is a Moment between Joy and Grief, which you must take hold of, and push your Fortune — But get you in, and you'll best read your Fate in the Reception Mrs. *Tattleaid* gives you: All she says, and all she does, nay her very Love and Hatred are mere repetition of her Ladyship's Passions: I'll say that for her, she's a true Lady's Woman, and is her self as much a second-hand thing as her Cloaths. But I must beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, my People are come I see —

[*Exeunt Cab. and Camp.*]

Enter Sable's Men.

Where in the Name of Goodness have you all been! have you brought the Saw-dust and Tarr for Embalming? have you the Hangings and the Six-penny Nails, and my Lord's Coat of Arms?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Yes, Sir, and had come sooner, but I went to the Herald's for a Coat for Alderman *Gathergrease* that dy'd last Night — he has promis'd to invent one against to-morrow.

Sab. Ah! Pox take some of our Cits, the first thing after their Death is to take care of their Birth — Pox let him bear a Pair of Stockings, he's the first of his

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 5

his Family that ever wore one: Well, come you that are to be Mourners in this House put on your sad Looks, and walk by me that I may fort you: Ha you! a little more upon the Dismal; [*forming their Countenances—*] this Fellow has a good Mortal Look—place him near the Corps: That Waincoat Face must be o'top of the Stairs; that Fellow's almost in a Fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange Misery) at the Entrance of the Hall—So—but I'll fix you all my self—Let's have no Laughing now on any Provocation: [*makes Faces*] Look yonder that hale well-looking Puppy! You ungrateful Scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a Great Man's Service, and show you the Pleasure of receiving Wages? Did not I give you Ten, then Fifteen, now Twenty Shillings a Week, to be Sorrowful? and the more I give you, I think, the Gladder you are.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Grave-digger of St. *Timothie's* in the Fields would speak with you.

Sab. Let him come in.

Enter Grave-digger.

Grav. I carry'd home to your House the Shrowd the Gentleman was buried in last Night; I could not get his Ring off very easily, therefore I brought the Finger and all; and, Sir, the Sexton gives his Service to you, and desires to know whether you'd have any Bodies remov'd or not. If not, he'll let 'em lye in their Graves a Week longer.

Sab. Give him my Service, I can't tell readily; but our Friend, tell him, Dr. *Passeport*, with the Powder, has promised me Six or Seven Funerals this Week. I'll send to our Country-Farm at *Kensington-Gravel-Pits*, and our City-House in *Warwick-Lane* for News, you shall know time enough. Hark'e, be sure there's
Care

Care taken to give my Lady *Languishe's* Woman a Fee; to keep out that young Fellow came last from *Oxford*; he'll ruin us all.

Enter Goody Trash.

I wonder, *Goody Trash*, you could not be more punctual; when I told you I wanted you, and your two Daughters, to be three Virgins to Night to stand in White about my Lady *Katherine Griffel's* Body, and you know you were privately to bring her home from the Man-Midwife's, where she dy'd in Child-birth, to be buried like a Maid; but there is nothing minded: Well, I have put off that 'till to morrow; go and get your Bag of Brick-durst and your Whiting. Go and sell to the Cook-maids; know who has surfeited about Town: Bring me no bad News, none of your Recoveries again. And you Mr. Block-head, I warrant you have not call'd at Mr. *Peffles* the Apothecary: Will that Fellow never pay me? I stand Bound for all the Poison in that starving Murderer's Shop: He serves me just as Dr. *Quibus* did, who promis'd to write a Treatise against Water-gruel, a damn'd healthy Slop, that has done me more Injury than all the Faculty: Look you now you're all upon the Sneer, let me have none but downright stupid Countenances — I've a good mind to turn you all off, and take People out of the Play-House; but hang 'em they are as Ignorant of their Parts as you are of yours, they never Act but when they speak; when the chief Indication of the Mind is in the Gesture, or indeed in case of Sorrow in no Gesture, except you were to Act a Widow, or so — But yours, you Dolts, is all in dumb Show; dumb Show? I mean expressive eloquent Show: As who can see such an horrid ugly Phiz as that Fellow's, and not be shock'd, offended, and kill'd of all Joy while he beholds it? But we must not loiter — Ye stupid Rogues, whom

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 7

I have pick'd out of all the rubbish of Mankind, and sed for your eminent Worthlessness, attend, and know that I speak you this Moment stiff and immutable to all Sense of Noise, Mirth or Laughter: [*Makes Mouths at 'em as they pass by him to bring 'em to a constant Courtenance.*] So, they are pretty well—pretty well —

Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.

Tru. 'Twas Fondness, Sir, and tender Duty to you, who have been so worthy and so just a Master to me, made me stay near you; they left me so, and there I found you wake from your Lethargick Slumber; on which I will assume an Authority to beseech you, Sir, to make just use of your reviv'd Life, in seeing who are your true Friends, and knowing her who has so wrought upon your noble Nature, as to make it act against it self in Dis-inheriting your brave Son.

Lor. Sure 'tis impossible she should be such a Creature as you tell me—My Mind reflects upon ten thousand Endearments that plead unanswerably for her: Her chaste reluctant Love, her easie Observance of all my wayward Humours, to which she would accommodate her self with so much ease, I could scarce observe it was a Virtue in her; she hid her very Patience.

Tru. It was all Art, Sir, or Indifference to you, for what I say is downright matter of Fact.

Lor. Why didst thou ever tell me it! or why not in my Life-time, for I must call it so, nor can I date a Minute mine, after her being False, all past that Moment is Death and Darkness: Why didst thou not tell me then, I say?

Tru. Because you were too much in Love with her to be inform'd; nor did I ever know a Man that touch'd on Conjugal Affairs could ever reconcile the jarring Humours, but in a common Hatred of the Intermeddler: But on this most extraordinary Occasion,
which

The FUNERAL: Or,

which seems pointed out by Heav'n it self to disengage you from your Cruelty and Banishment of an Innocent Child, I must, I will conjure you to be conceal'd, and but contain your self, in hearing one Discourse with that curs'd Instrument of all her Secrets, that *Tattleaid*, and you'll see what I tell you, you'll call me then your Guardian and good Genius.

Lor. Well you shall govern me, but would I had dy'd in earnest e'er I'd known it; my Head swims, as it did when I fell into my Fit, at the Thoughts of it—How dizzy a Place is this World you live in! All Human Life's a mere Vertigo!

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, fine Reflections, fine Reflections, but that does no Business: Thus, Sir, we'll stand conceal'd, and hear, I doubt not, a much sincerer Dialogue than usual between vicious Persons; for a late Accident has giv'n a little Jealousie, which makes 'em over-act their Love and Confidence in each other.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Widow and Tattleaid meeting, and running to each other.

Wid. Oh *Tattleaid*! His and our Hour is come.

Tat. I always said, by his Church-yard Cough, you'd bury him, but still you were impatient—

Wid. Nay, thou hast ever been my Comfort, my Confident, my Friend, and my Servant; and now I'll reward thy Pains; for tho' I scorn the whole Sex of Fellows, I'll give 'em hopes for thy sake; every Smile, every Frown, every Gesture, Humour, Caprice and Whimsy of mine, shall be Gold to thee Girl; thou shalt feel all the Sweet and Wealth of being a fine rich Widow's Woman: Oh! how my Head runs my first Year out, and jumps to all the Joys of Widow-hood! If thirteen Months hence a Friend should haul one to a Play one has a mind to see, what Pleasure 'twill be, when my Lady *Brumpton*'s Footman's call'd (who kept

a Place for that very purpose) to make a sudden Insurrection of fine Wigs in the Pit and Side-Boxes. Then, with a pretty Sorrow in one's Face, and a willing Blush for being star'd at, one ventures to look round, and bow to one of one's own Quality. Thus [*very directly*] to a smug pretending Fellow of no Fortune: Thus [*as scarce seeing him*] to one that writes Lampoons: Thus [*fearfully*] to one one really Loves: Thus [*looking down*] to one's Woman-Acquaintance; from Box to Box thus: [*with Looks differently familiar*] And when one has done one's Part, observe the Actors do theirs, but with my Mind fixt not on those I look at, but those that look at me — Then the Serenades! The Lovers!

Tat. Oh Madam, you make my Heart bound within me; I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll manage 'em all; and indeed, Madam, the Men are really very silly Creatures, 'tis no such hard matter — They Rulers! They Governors! I warrant you indeed!

Wid. Ay Tattleaid, they imagine themselves mighty Things, but Government founded on Force only is a Brutal Power — We rule them by their Affections, which blinds them into a Belief that they rule us, or at least are in the Government with us — But in this Nation our Power is Absolute; Thus, thus, we sway — [*Playing her Fan*] A Fan is both the Standard, and the Flag of England: I laugh to see the Men go our Errands, strut in Great Offices, live in Cares, Hazards and Scandals, to come home and be Fools to us in Brags of their Dispatches, Negotiations, and their Wisdoms — as my good Dear Deceas'd us'd to entertain me; which I, to relieve my self from — would lisp some silly Request, pat him on the Face — He shakes his Head at my pretty Folly, calls me Simpleton; gives me a Jewel, then goes to Bed so wise, so satisfied, and so deceiv'd!

Tat.

Tat. But I protest, Madam, I've always wonder'd how you could accomplish my young Lord's being disinherited.

Wid. Why *Tatty*, you must know my late Lord—how prettily that sounds, my Late Lord! But I say, my late Lord *Fribble* was Generosity—I press'd him there, and whenever you, by my Order, had told him Stories to my Son-in-Law's Disadvantage, in his Rage and Resentment, I (whose Interest lay otherwise) always fell on my Knees to implore his Pardon, and with Tears, Sighs and Importunities for him prevail'd against him: Besides this, you know I had when I pleas'd Fits; Fits are a mighty help in the Government of a Good-natur'd Man; but to an Ill-natur'd Fellow have a care of 'em—he'll hate you for Natural Infirmities; will remember your Face in its Distortion, and not value your Return of Beauty.

Tat. Oh rare Madam! your Ladyship's a great Head-piece; but now, dear Madam, is the hard Task, if I may take the Liberty to say it—to enjoy all Freedoms, and seem to abstain, to manage the number of Pretenders, and keep the Disoblig'd from prating—

Wid. Never fear, *Tattleaid*; while you have Riches, if you affront one to Abuse, you can give Hopes to another to Defend you: These Maxims I have been laying up all my Husband's Life-time, for we must provide against Calamities—

Tat. But now, Madam, a fine young Gentleman with a red Coat, that dances—

Wid. You may be sure the happy Man (if it be in Fate that there is an happy Man to make me an unhappy Woman) shall not be an Old one again: Age and Youth married, is the Cruelty in *Dryden's Virgil*, where *Mezentius* tyes the dead and living together: I'm sure I was ty'd to a dead Man many a long Day before I durst bury him—But the Day is now my own—Yet now I think on't, *Tattleaid*, be sure to keep

keep an obstinate Shyness to all our old Acquaintance: Let 'em talk of Favours if they please, if we grant 'em still they'll grow Tyrants to us; if we discard 'em, the Chast and Innocent will not believe we could have Confidence to do it, were it so; and the Wise, if they believe it, will applaud our Prudence.

Tat. Ay, Madam—— I believe, Madam—— I speak, Madam, but my humble Sense—— *Mr. Cabinet* would marry you.

Wid. Marry me! No, *Tattleaid*. He that is so mean as to marry a Woman after an Affair with her, will be so base as to upbraid that very Weakness: He that marries his Wench will use her like his Wench—— Such a Pair must sure live in a secret mutual Scorn of each other—— and Wedlock is Hell, if at least one Side does not Love, as it would be Heav'n if both did; and I believe it so much Heav'n, as to think it was never enjoy'd in this World.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. A Gentleman to Mrs. *Tattleaid*—— [*Ex. Tat.*

Wid. Go to him—— Bless me, how careless and open have I been to this subtle Creature in the Case of *Cabinet*, she's certainly in his Interests—— We People of Condition are never guarded enough against those about us: They watch when our Minds boil over with Joy, or Grief, to come in upon us: How miserable 'tis to have One one hates always about one, and when one can't endure ones own Reflection upon some Actions, who can bear the Thoughts of another upon 'em: But she has me by deep deep Secrets—— The *Italians*, they say, can readily remove the too much intrusted—— Oh their pretty scented Gloves! This Wench I know has play'd me false, and horn'd me in my Gallants: Oh *Italy*, I could resign all my Female *English* Liberty to thee, for thy much dearer Female Pleasure, Revenge! Well, what's the Matter, dear *Tatty*——

Enter

*The FUNERAL: Or,**Enter Tattleaid.*

Tatt. The Matter, Madam? why Madam, Counsellor *Puzzle* is come to wait on your Ladyship about the Will, and the Conveyance of the Estate — there must, it seems, be no time lost for fear of things; Fie, fie, Madam, you a Widow these three Hours, and not look'd on a Parchment yet — Oh Impious, to neglect the Will of the Dead!

Wid. As you say indeed, there is no Will of an Husband's so willingly Obey'd as his Last. But I must go in, and receive him in my Formalities, leaning on a Couch, as necessary a Posture as his going behind his Desk when he speaks to a Client — But do you bring him in hither 'till I'm ready — [Exit.

Tat. Mr. Counsellor, Mr. Counsellor — [Calling.

Enter Puzzle and Clerk.

Puz. 'Servant good Madam *Tattleaid*, my ancient Friend is gone, but Business must be minded —

Tat. I told my Lady twice or thrice, as she lies in dumb Grief on the Couch within, that you were here, but she regarded me not; however, since you say 'tis of such Moment, I'll venture to introduce you: please but to repose here a little while I step in; for methinks I would a little prepare her. [Exit *Tattleaid*.

Puz. Alas! Alas! Poor Lady!

Damn'd Hypocrites! Well, this Noble's Death is a little sudden: Therefore pray let me recollect: Open the Bag, good *Tom*; now *Tom* thou art my Nephew, my dear Sister *Kate*'s only Son, and my Heir, therefore I will conceal from thee on no Occasion any thing; for I would enter thee into Business as soon as possible. Know then, Child, that the Lord of this House was one of your Men of Honour, and Sense, who lose the latter in the former, and are apt to take all Men to be like themselves; now this Gentleman
intirely

intirely trusted me, and I made the only use a Man of Business can of a Trust, I cheated him; for I, imperceptibly, before his Face made his whole Estate liable to an Hundred *per Annum* for my self, for good Services, &c. As for Legacies, they are good or not, as I please; for let me tell you, a Man must take Pen, Ink and Paper, sit down by an old Fellow, and pretend to take Directions, but a True Lawyer never makes any Man's Will but his own; and as the Priest of old among us got near the dying Man, and gave all to the Church, so now the Lawyer gives all to the Law.

Clerk. Ay Sir, but Priests then cheated the Nation by doing their Offices in an unknown Language.

Puz. True, but ours is a way much surer, for we cheat in no Language at all, but loll in our own Coaches, eloquent in Gibbrish, and learned in Juggle.— Pull out the Parchment, there's the Deed, I made it as long as I could — Well, I hope to see the Day, when the Indenture shall be the exact measure of the Land that passes by it — For 'tis a Discouragement to the Gown, that every Ignorant Rogue of an Heir should in a Word or two understand his Father's Meaning, and hold ten Acres of Land by half an Acre of Parchment — Nay, I hope to see the time when that there is indeed some Progress made in, shall be wholly affected; and by the improvement of the noble Art of Tautology every Inn in *Holborn* an Inn of Court — Let others think of Logick, Rhetorick, and I know not what Impertinence, but mind thou Tautology — What's the first Excellence in a Lawyer? Tautology: What the second? Tautology: What the third? Tautology: as an old Pleader said of Action: Butt turn to the Deed; [*Pulls out an immeasurable Parchment,*] for the Will is of no force if I please, for he was not capable of making one after the former—as I manag'd it—upon which account I

now wait on my Lady; by the way, do you know, the true Meaning of the Word a Deed?

Clerk. Ay, Sir, a Deed is as if a Man should say the Deed.

Puz. Right: 'Tis emphatically so call'd, because after it — all Deeds and Actions are of no effect, and you have nothing to do but hang your self — the only obliging thing you can then do — But I was telling you the Use of Tautology — Read toward the middle of that Instrument; [*Clerk reads*] I the said Earl of *Brumpton*, do give, bestow, grant and bequeath, over and above the said Premises, all the Scite and Capital Messuage call'd by the Name of *Oontham*, and all Out-houses, Barns, Stables and other *Ædifices* and Buildings, Yards, Orchards, Gardens, Fields, Arbors, Trees, Lands, Earths, Meadows, Greens, Pastures, Feedings, Woods, Underwoods, Ways, Waters, Watercourses, Fishings, Ponds, Pools, Commons, Common of Pasture, Paths, Heath-Thickets, Profits, Commodities and Emoluments, with their and every of their Appurtenances whatsoever, to the said Capital Messuage and Scite belonging, or in any wise appertaining, or with the same heretofore used, occupied, or enjoyed, accepted, executed, known, or taken as part, parcel, or member of the same; containing in the whole, by Estimation, four hundred Acres of the large measure, or thereabouts, be the same more or less; all and singular which the said Scite Capital Messuage, and other the Premises, with their and every of their Appurtenances are situate, lying and being —

Puz. Hold, hold, good *Tom*; you do come on indeed in Business, but don't use your Nose enough in Reading — [*Reads in a Ridiculous Law-Tone, 'till out of Breath*] Why you're quite out — you Read to be Under-

Puzzle rods and sneers as the Synonymous Words are repeating, whom L. B. scornfully mimicks.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 15

Understood——let me see it——I the said Earl——
Now again, suppose this were to be in *Latin*——
[Runs into Latin Terminations] Making *Latin*, is only
making it no *English*——*Ego Predict*——*Comes de*
Brumpton——*Totas meas Barnos*——*Outhoufas, &c. Sta-*
bulas——*Yardos*——But there needs no further peru-
sal——I now recollect the whole——my Lord, by
this Instrument, Dis-inherits his Son utterly——gives
all to my Lady——and moreover, grants the Wards
of two Fortune-Wards to her——*Id est*, to be Sold
by her; which is the Subject of my Business to her
Ladyship, who methinks a little overdoes the Affair
of Grief, in letting me wait thus long on such wel-
come Articles——But here——

Enter Tatticaid wiping her Eyes.

Tatt. I have in vain done all I can to make her re-
gard me——Pray Mr. *Puzzle*, you're a Man of Sense,
come in your self, and speak Reason, to bring her to
some Consideration of her self, if possible.

Puz. Tom, I'll come down to the Hall to you; dear
Madam, lead on.

[*Ex. Clerk one way, Puz. Tatt. another.*]

Ld. Brumpton and Trusty advance from their Conceal-
ment after a long Pause, and staring at each other.

Ld. B. Trusty, on thy Sincerity, on thy Fidelity to
me thy Friend, thy Patron, and thy Master, answer
me directly to one Question: Am I really Alive? Am
I that Identical, that Numerical, that very same Lord
Brumpton, that——

Tru. That very Lord——that very Lord *Brumpton*,
the very generous, honest and good Lord *Brumpton*,
who spent his strong and riper Years with Honour
and Reputation; but in his Age of Decay declin'd from
Virtue also——that very Lord *Brumpton* who buried
a fine Lady, who brought him a fine Son, who is a

18 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

fine Gentleman; but in his Age, that very Man, unseasonably captivated with Youth and Beauty, married a very fine young Lady, who has dishonour'd his Bed, disinherited his brave Son, and dances o'er his Grave.

Ld. B. Oh! That damn'd Tautologist too — That Puzzle and his Irrevocable Deed! [*Pausing*] Well, I know I do not really Live, but wander o'er the Place where once I had a Treasure — I'll haunt her, *Trusty*, gaze in that false Beauteous Face, 'till she trembles, 'till she looks pale, nay 'till she blushes —

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, you speak a Ghost very much, there's Flesh and Blood in that Expression, that false beauteous Face!

Ld. B. Then since you see my Weakness, be a Friend, and arm me with all your Care, and all your Reason —

Tru. If you'll condescend to let me direct you — you shall cut off this rotten Limb, your false disloyal Wife, and save your noble Parts, your Son, your Family, your Honour.

*Short is the Date in which Ill Acts prevail,
But Honesty's a Rock can never fail.*

A. C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Lord Hardy solus.

Ld. H. **N**OW indeed I am utterly undone, but to expect an Evil softens the weight of it when it happens, and Pain no more than Pleasure is in reality so great as in Expectation: But what will become of me? How shall I keep my self even above Worldly Want? Shall I live at Home a stiff melancholy poor Man of Quality, grow uneasy to my Acquaintance

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tance as well as my self, by fancying I'm slighted where I am not; with all the thousand Particularities which attend those whom low Fortune and high Spirit make Malecontents? No! We've a brave Prince on the Throne, whose Commission I bear, and a glorious War in an honest Cause approaching, [*Clapping his Hand on his Sword*] in which this shall cut Bread for me, and may perhaps equal that Estate to which my Birth entitled me — But what to do in present Pressures — Ha! *Trim*. [*Calling*.

Enter Trim.

Trim. My Lord.

Ld. H. How do the poor Rogues that are to Recruit my Company?

Trim. Do, Sir! They've eat you to your last Guinea.

Ld. H. Were you at the Agent's?

Trim. Yes.

Ld. H. Well? And how?

Trim. Why, Sir, for your Arrears, you may have eleven Shillings in the Pound; but he'll not touch your growing Subsistence under three Shillings in the Pound Interest — besides which, you must let his Clerk *Jonathan Item*, Swear the Peace against you to keep you from Duelling — or Insure your Life, which you may do for Eight *per Cent*. On these Terms he'll oblige you, which he would not do for any Body else in the Regiment, but he has a Friendship for you.

Ld. H. Oh, I'm his humble Servant; but he must have his own Terms, we can't Starve, nor must my Fellows want: But methinks this is a calm Midnight, I've heard no Duns to Day —

Trim. Duns, my Lord? Why now your Father's Dead, and they can't Arrest you; I shall grow a little less upon the smooth with 'em than I have been: Why Friend, says I, how often must I tell you my

B 3

Lord

Lord is not stirring: His Lordship has not Slept well, you must come some other time, your Lordship will find for him when you are at leisure to look upon Money-Affairs; or if they are so Sawcy, so Imper-tinent as to press to a Man of your Quality for their own——there are Canes, there's *Bridewell*, there's the Stocks for your ordinary Tradesmen. But to an haughty thriving *Covent-Garden* Mercer, Silk or Lace-man, your Lordship gives your most humble Service to him, hopes his Wife's well; you have Letters to write, or you'd see him your self, but you desire he would be with you punctually such a Day, that's to say, the Day after you are gone out of Town.

Ld. H. Go, Sirrah, you're Scurrilous, I won't believe there are such Men of Quality——d'ye hear, give my Service this Afternoon to Mr. *Cutpurse* the Agent, and tell him I'm oblig'd to him for his readiness to serve me, for I'm resolv'd to pay my Debts forth-with——

[*A Voice without.*

I don't know whether he's within, or not: Mr. *Trim*, is my Lord within?

Ld. H. Trim, see who it is, I an't within you know——

[*Trim without.*

Yes, Sir, my Lord's above, pray walk up——

Ld. H. Who can it be? he owns me too

Enter Camply and Trim.

Dear *Tom Camply*, this is kind——You are an extraordinary Man indeed, who in the sudden Accession of a noble Fortune can be still your self, and visit your less happy Friends.

Camp. No, you are, my Lord, the extraordinary Man, who on the loss of an almost Princely Fortune, can be Master of a Temper, that makes you the Envy, rather than Pity of your more fortunate, not more happy Friends.

Ld. H.

Ld. H. Oh Sir, your Servant—but let me gaze on thee a little—I han't seen thee since I came home into *England*—most Exactly, Negligently, Gentilely Dress'd! I know there's more than Ordinary in this—[*beating Campley's Breast*] Come,—Confess, who shares with me here—I must have her real and poetical Name—Come—She's in Sonnet, *Cynthia*—In Prose, Mistress.

Cam. One you little dream of, tho' she is in a manner of your placing there.

Ld. H. My placing there?

Cam. Why, my Lord, all the fine things you've said to me in the Camp of my Lady *Shælot*, your Father's Ward, ran in my Head so very much, that I made it my Business to become acquainted in that Family, which I did by Mr. *Cabinet's* means, and am now in Love in the same place with your Lordship.

Ld. H. How! in Love in the same place with me, Mr. *Campley*?

Cam. Ay, my Lord, with t'other Sister, with t'other Sister.

Ld. H. What a Dunce was I, not to know which, without your naming her? Why, thou art the only Man breathing fit to deal with her—But my Lady *Shælot*, there's a Woman—So easily virtuous!—So agreeably severe! Her Motion so unaffected, yet so compos'd! Her Lips breath nothing but Truth, good Sense, and flowing Wit.

Cam. Lady *Harriot*! there's the Woman, such Life, such Spirit, such Warmth in her Eyes—Such a lively commanding Air in her Glances; so spritely a Mein, that carries in it the Triumph of conscious Beauty; her Lips are made up of Gum, and Balm—There's something in that dear Girl that fires my Blood Above—Above—Above—

Ld. H. Above what?

Cam. A Granadier's March.

Ld. H. A soft Simile, I must confess—but oh that *Sharlot!* to recline this aching Head, full of Care, on that tender, snowy—faithful Bosom!

Cam. Oh that *Harriot!* to Embrace that Beauteous—

Ld. H. Ay *Tom*; but methinks your Head runs too much on the Wedding-Night only, to make your Happiness lasting, mine is fixt on the married State; I expect my Felicity from Lady *Sharlot*, in her Friendship, her Constancy, her Piety, her household Cares, her maternal Tenderness—You think not of any Excellence of your Mistress, that is more than Skin-deep—

Cam. When I know her further than Skin-deep, I'll tell you more of my Mind.

Ld. H. Oh fie *Tom*, how can you talk so lightly of a Woman you Love with Honour—But tell me, I wonder how you make your Approaches in besieging such a Sort of Creature; she that loves Addresses, Gallantry, Fiddles? That Reigns and Delights in a crowd of Admirers—If I know her, she's one of those you may easily have a general Acquaintance with, but hard to make Particular—

Cam. You understand her very well—You must know I put her out of all her Play, by carrying it in an humorous Manner; I took care in all my Actions, before I discover'd the Lover, that she should in general have a good Opinion of me; and have ever since behav'd my self with all the good Humour and Ease I was able; so that she is now extreamly at a Loss, how to throw me from the Familiarity of an Acquaintance, into the Distance of a Lover; but I laugh her out of it; when she begins to frown, and look grave at my Mirth, I mimick her 'till she bursts out a laughing—

Ld. H. That's ridiculous enough.

Cam.

Cam. By *Cabinet's* Interest over my Lady *Brumpton*, with Gold and Flattery to Mrs. *Fardingale*, an old Maid her Ladyship has plac'd about the young Ladies, I have easie access at all times, and am this very Day to be admitted by her into their Apartment — I have found you must know that she is my Relation —

Ld. H. Her Ladyship has chose an odd Companion for young Ladies —

Cam. Oh my Lady's a Politician; she told *Tattleaid* one Day, that an old Maid was the best Guard for young Ones, for they, like Eunuchs in a *Seraglio*, are Vigilant, out of Envy of Enjoyments they cannot themselves arrive at — But, as I was saying, I've sent my Cousin *Fardingale* a Song, which she and I are to practise to the Spinnet — The young Ladies will be by — and I am to be left alone with Lady *Harriot*, then I design to make my grand Attack, and to Day win or lose her: I know, Sir, this is an Opportunity you want. — If you'll meet me at *Tom's*, have a Letter ready, I'll my self deliver it to your Mistress, conduct you into the House, and tell her you are there — and find Means to place you together — You must march under my Command to day, as I have many a one under yours —

Ld. H. But 'faith *Tom* I shall not behave my self with half the Resolution you have under mine, for to confess my Weakness, tho' I know she loves me, tho' I know she is as stedfastly mine, as her Heart can make her — I know not how I have so sublime an Idea of her high Value, and such a melting Tenderness dissolves my whole Frame, when I am near her, that my Tongue falters, my Nerves shake, and my Heart so alternately sinks and rises, that my premeditated Resolves vanish into Confusion, down-cast Eyes, and broken Utterance —

Cam. Ha! ha! ha! this in a Campagner too! Why, my Lord, that's the Condition *Harriot* would have me

in, and then she thinks she could have me; but I, that know her better than she does her self, know she'd insult me, and lead me a two Years dance longer, and perhaps in the End turn me into the Herd of the many neglected Men of better Sense, who have been ridiculous for her Sake——But I shall make her no such Sacrifice——'Tis well my Lady *Sharlot's* a Woman of so solid an Understanding, I don't know another that would not use you ill for your high Value——

Ld. H. But, *Tom*, I must see your Song you've sent your Cousin *Fardingle*, as you call her.

Cam. This is Lucky enough. [*Aside.*

No hang it, my Lord, a Man makes so silly a Figure when his Verses are reading——*Trim*——Thou hast not left off thy Loving and thy Rhiming, *Trim's* a Critick, I remember him a Servitude at *Oxon*, [*gives a Paper to Trim*——] I give my self into his Hands, because you shan't see 'em 'till I'm gone.

My Lord, your Servant, you shan't stir.

Ld. H. Nor you neither then. [*Struggling.*

Cam. You will be obey'd.

[*Exeunt. Lord Hardy waits on him down.*]

Trim. What's in this Song——Ha——don't my Eyes deceive me——a Bill of Three Hundred Pounds——

Mr. CASH,

PRAY pay to Mr. William Trim, or Bearer, the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds, and place it to the Account of,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

Thomas Campley.

[*Pulling off his Hat and Bowing.*] Your very humble Servant, good Mr. *Campley*. Ay, this is Poetry, this

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is a Song indeed! Faith I'll set it, and sing it my self
 —Pray pay to Mr. *William Trim* — so far in Recitativo—Three Hundred, [*singing ridiculously* —]
 Hun—dred—Hundred—Hundred thrice repeated, because 'tis Three Hundred Pounds, I love Repetitions in Musick, when there's a good Reason for it, Po—unds after the *Italian* manner—If they'd bring me such sensible Words as these, I'd outstrip all your Composers, for the Musick Prize—This was honestly done of Mr. *Campley*—Tho' I have carry'd him many a Purse from my Master when he was Ensign to our Company in *Flanders* —

Enter Lord Hardy.

My Lord, I am your Lordship's humble Servant.

Ld. H. Sir, your humble Servant. But pray, my good familiar Friend, how come you to be so very much my humble Servant all of a sudden?

Trim. I beg Pardon, dear Sir, my Lord, I am not your humble Servant.

Ld. H. No?

Trim. Yes, my Lord, I am, but not as you mean—but I am—I am, my Lord—in short I'm overjoy'd.

Ld. H. Overjoy'd! Thou'rt distracted—what ails the Fellow—Where's *Campley's* Song?

Trim. Oh! my Lord, one would not think 'twas in him, Mr. *Campley's* really a very great Poet—as for the Song, 'tis only as they all end in Rhime—Ow—Woe—Isles—Kisses—Boy—Joy—But, my Lord, the other in long Heroick Blank Verse.

[*Reading it with a great Tone*—

Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, or Order, the Sum of—
 How sweetly it runs? — *Pactolian* Guineas chink every Line —

Ld. H. How very handsomely this was done in *Campley*? I wonder'd indeed he was so willing to
 shew

shew his Verses—in how careless a manner that Fellow does the greatest Actions!—

Trim. My Lord, pray my Lord, shan't I go immediately to *Cuspurse's*?

Ld. H. No, Sirrah—now we've no occasion for it—

Trim. No, my Lord, only to stare him full in the Face after I've receiv'd this Mony, not say a Word, but keep my Hat on, and walk out—Or perhaps not hear, if any I meet with speak to me—But grow Stiff, Deaf, and Shortfighted to all my old Acquaintance, like a sudden rich Man as I am—Or perhaps, my Lord, desire *Cuspurse's* Clerk to let me leave Fifty Pounds at their House, payable to Mr. *William Trim*, or Order—'till I come that way—or a Month or two hence, may have occasion for it—I don't know what Bills may be drawn upon me—Then when the Clerk begins to stare at me, 'till he pulls the great Goose-quil from behind his Ear—
[*Pulls a handful of Farthings out—*] I fall a reckoning the Peices as I do these Farthings.

Ld. H. Well, Sirrah, you may have your Humour, but before you take Fourscore Pounds, and pay my Debts immediately—if you meet any Officer you ever see me in Company with, that looks grave at *Cuspurse's* House, tell him I'd speak with him—We must help our Friends—But learn Moderation, you Rogue, in your Good-Fortune; be at home all the Evening after, while I wait at *Tom's* to meet *Campiey* in order to see Lady *Shurlet*—

*My Good or Ill in her alone is found,
And in that Thought all other Cares are drown'd.* [Ex.]

Enter Sable, Lord Brumpton, and Trusty.

Sab. Why, my Lord, you can't in Conscience put me off so; I must do according to my Orders, cut you up, and Embalm you, except you'll come down a little

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 25

little deeper than you talk of, you don't consider the Charges I have been at already.

Ld. B. Charges? for what?

Sab. First, Twenty Guineas to my Lady's Woman for notice of your Death (a Fee I've, before now, known the Widow her self go halves in) but no matter for that—in the next place, Ten Pounds for watching you all your long fit of Sickneſs laſt Winter—

Ld. B. Watching me? Why I had none but my own Servants by turns—

Sab. I mean attending to give notice of your Death; I had all your long fit of Sickneſs laſt Winter, at Half a Crown a Day, a Fellow waiting at your Gate to bring me Intelligence, but you unfortunately Recover'd, and I loſt all my obliging Pains for your Service.

Ld. B. Ha! ha! ha! *Sable*, thou art a very impudent Fellow, Half a Crown a Day to attend my Decease, and doſt thou reckon it to me—

Sab. Look you Gentlemen, don't ſtand ſtaring at me—I have a Book at home which I call my Dooms-Day-Book, where I have every Man of Quality's Age and Diſtemper in Town, and know when you ſhould drop—Nay, my Lord, if you had reflected upon your Mortality half ſo much as poor I have for you, you would not deſire to return to Life thus—in ſhort I cannot keep this a Secret, under the whole Money I am to have for Burying you.

Ld. B. *Truſty*, if you think it ſafe in you to obey my Orders after the Deed *Puzzle* told his Clerk of, pay it him—

Tru. I ſhould be glad to give it out of my own Pocket, rather than be without the Satisfaction of ſeeing you Witneſs to it.

Ld. B. I heartily believe thee, dear *Truſty*—

Sab. Then, my Lord, the Secret of your being alive, is now ſafe with me.

Tru.

Tru. I'll warrant I'll be reveng'd of this unconscionable Dog—[*Aside*] My Lord, you must to your Closet—I fear some body's coming—

[*Exe. Sable one way, Ld. B. and Trusty another.*]

SCENE draws and discovers Lady Sharlot reading at a Table—Lady Harriot playing at a Glass to and fro, and viewing her self.

L. Ha. Nay, good Sage Sister, you may as well Talk to me, [*Looking at her self as she speaks*] as sit staring at a Book which I know you can't attend—Good Dr. Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting Francis Lord Hardy, now Earl of Brumpton, out of your Head, or making him absent from your Eyes, do but look at me now, and deny it if you can—

L. Sh. You are the maddest Girl— [*Smiling.*]

L. Ha. Look ye, I knew you could not say it and forbear Laughing—[*Looking over Sharlot*] Oh I see his Name as plain as you do—F-r-a-n Fran-c-i-s cis, Francis, 'tis in every line of the Book.

L. Sh. [*Rising*] 'Tis in vain, I see, to mind any thing in such impertinent Company—but granting 'twere as you say, as to my Lord Hardy—'tis more excusable to admire another than one's self—

L. Ha. No, I think not—Yes, I grant you than really to be vain at one's Person, but I don't admire my self—Pish! I don't believe my Eyes have that Softness—[*Looking in the Glass.*] They an't so piccing: No, 'tis only Stuff the Men will be talking—Some People are such Admirers of Teeth—Lord what signifies Teeth? [*Showing her Teeth.*] A very Black-amoor has as white Teeth as I—No, Sister, I don't admire my self, but I've a Spirit of Contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in Love with my self, only to Rival the Men—

L. Sh.

GRIEF A-L A-MODE. 27

L. Sh. Ay, but Mr. *Campley* will gain Ground ev'n of that Rival of his, your dear self—

L. Ha. Oh! what have I done to you, that you should name that insolent Intruder—A confident Opinionative Fop—No indeed, if I am, as a Poetical Lover of mine Sigh'd and Sung of both Sexes,

The Publick Envy, and the Publick Care.

I shan't be so easily catch'd—I thank him—I want but to be sure, I shou'd heartily Torment him, by Banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this Life, or not.

L. Sh. Indeed, Sister, to be serious with you, this Vanity in your Humour does not all become you!

L. Ha. Vanity! All the matter is, we gay People are more Sincere than you wise Folks: All your Life's an Art—Speak your Soul—Look you there—
[*Halling her to the Glafs*] Are not you struck with a secret Pleasure, when you view that Bloom in your Looks, that Harmony in your Shape, that Promptitude of your Mein!

L. Sh. Well, Simpleton, if I am at first so silly, as to be a little taken with my self, I know it a Fault, and take pains to Correct it.

L. Ha. Pfaw! Pfaw! talk this musty Tale to Old Mrs. *Fardingale*, 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate—

L. Sh. They that think it too soon to understand themselves, will very soon find it too late—But tell me honestly, don't you like *Campley*?

L. Ha. The Fellow is not to be Abhorr'd, if the forward Thing did not think of getting me so easily—Oh—I hate a Heart I can't break when I please—What makes the Value of dear China, but that 'tis so brittle?—were it not for that, you might as well have stone Mugs in your Closet—

L. Sh.

L. Sb. Hift, hift, here's *Fardingale*——

Enter Fardingale.

Far. Lady *Harriot*, Lady *Sharlot*——I'll entertain you now, I've a new Song juft come hot out of the Poet's Brain : Lady *Sharlot*, my Coufin *Campley* writ it, and 'tis Set to a pretty Air, I warrant you.

L. Ha. 'Tis like to be pretty indeed, of his Writing. *[Flings away.]*

Far. Come, come——this is not one of your *Tringham* *Trangham* witty things, that your poor Poets write, no, 'tis well known my Coufin *Campley* has Two thousand Pounds a Year——But this is all Diffimulation in you.

L. Sb. 'Tis fo indeed, for your Coufin's Song's very pretty, Mrs. *Fardingale*.

Reads.

*Let not Love on me beftow
Soft Diftreffs, and tender Woe;
I know none but fubftantial Bliffes,
Eager Glances, folid Kiffes;
I know not what the Lovers feign,
Of finer Pleasure mix'd with Pain;
Then prithee give me, gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all thy Joy.*

But *Harriot* thinks that a little unreasonable, to expect one without enduring t'other.

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's your Coufin *Campley* to wait on you without——

Far. Let him come in —— we fhall have the Song now——

Enter

Enter Campley.

Cam. Ladies, your most obedient Servant—Your Servant, Lady *Sharlot*—Servant, Lady *Harriot*— [*Harriot looks grave upon him*] What's the Matter, dear Lady *Harriot*—Not well? I protest to you I'm mightily concern'd— [*pulls out a Bottle*] This is a most excellent Spirit—snuff it up, Madam—

L. Ha. Pish—the familiar Coxcomb frets me heartily—

Cam. 'Twill over, I hope, immediately.

L. Sh. Your Cousin *Fardingle* has shown us some of your Poetry; there's the Spinnet, Mr. *Campley*, I know you're Musical.

Cam. She should not have call'd it my Poetry.

Far. No: Who waits there—Pray bring my Lute out of the next Room—

Enter Servant with a Lute.

You must know I con'd this Song before I came in, and find 'twill go to an excellent Air of old Mr. *Laws's*, who was my Mother's intimate Acquaintance; my Mother's, what do I talk of? I mean my Grand-Mother's—Oh here's the Lute—Cousin *Campley*, hold the Song upon your Hat. [*Aside to him*] 'Tis a pretty Gallantry to a Relation.

Sings and Squales.

Let not Love, &c.

Oh! I have left off these things many a Day.

Camp. No; I profess, Madam, you do it admirably—but are not assur'd enough—Take it higher [*in her own Squal*] Thus—I know your Voice will bear it.

L. Ha. Oh hideous! Oh the gross Flatterer—I shall burst—Mrs. *Fardingle*, pray go on, the Musick fits the Words most aply—Take it higher, as your Cousin advises—

Far.

The FUNERAL: Or,

Far. Oh dear Madam, do you really like it—I do it purely to please you—for I can't sing, alas!

L. Sh. We know it, good Madam, we know it—
But pray —

Far. Let not Love, and substantial Bliss, is lively enough, and ran accordingly in the Tune [*Curtseys to the Company*] Now I took it higher—

L. Ha. Incomparably done! Nothing can equal it, except your Cousin sang his own Poetry—

Cam. Madam, from my Lord Hardy — [*Delivers a Letter to Lady Sharlot.*] How do you say, my Lady Harriot, except I sing it my self? then I assure you I will —

L. Sh. I han't patience, I must go read my Letter.
[Exit.

Cam. Sings. *Let not Love*, &c.

Far. Bless me, what's become of Lady Sharlot?

[Exit.

L. Ha. Mrs. Fardingle, Mrs. Fardingle, what must we lose you —

[Going after her.

Campley runs to the Door, takes the Key out, and locks her in.

What means this Insolence? a Plot upon me—Do you know who I am—

Cam. Yes, Madam, you're my Lady Sharlot Lovely, with ten Thousand Pounds in your Pocket; and I am Mr. Campley, with two Thousand a Year—of Quality enough to pretend to you — And I do design, before I leave this Room, to hear you talk like a reasonable Woman, as Nature has made you — Nay, 'tis in vain to flounce—and discompose your self and your Dress —

L. Ha. If there are Swords, if there are Men of Honour, and not all Dastards, Cowards that pretend to this Injur'd Person — [*Running round the Room.*

Cam. Ay, ay, Madam, let 'em come—That's putting me in my way, Fighting's my Trade—but
you've

you've us'd all Mankind too ill to expect so much Service——In short, Madam, were you a Fool I should not desire to expostulate with you——[*Seizing her Hand.*] But ——

L. Ha. Unhand, me Ravisher —— [*Pulls her Hand from him, Chafes round the Room, Cam. after her.*
Cam. But Madam, Madam, Madam, why Madam!

Preshee Cynthia look behind you, [Sings.
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you.

L. Ha. Age, Wrinkles, Small-Pox, nay, any thing that's most abhorrent to Youth and Bloom, were welcome in the place of so detested a Creature.

Cam. No such matter, Lady *Harriot*; I would not be a vain Coxcomb, but I know I am not detestable, nay, know where you've said as much before you understood me for your Servant. Was I immediately transform'd because I became your Lover?

L. Ha. My Lover, Sir, did I ever give you Reason to think I admitted you as such?

Cam. Yes, you did in your using me ill —— for if you did not assume upon the Score of my pretending to you, how do you answer to your self some parts of your Behaviour to me as a Gentleman —— 'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good Sense I know you Mistress of; do but consider, Madam, I have long lov'd you —— bore with your Phantastick Humour through all its Mazes —— Nay, do not frown —— for 'tis no better —— I say I have bore with this Humour, but would you have me with an unmanly Servitude feed it —— No, I love you with too sincere, too honest a Devotion —— and would have your Mind as faultless as your Person, which 'twould be, if you'd lay aside this Vanity of being pursued with Sighs, with Flatteries, with Nonsense —— [*She walks about less violently, but more confus'd.*] Oh my Heart akes at the disturbance which I give her, but she must
not

not see it— [*aside.*] Had I not better tell you of it now, than when you're in my Power, I should be then too Generous to thwart your Inclination.

L. Ha. That is indeed very handsomely said. Why should I not obey Reason as soon as I see it? [*Aside.*] Since so, Mr. *Campley*, I can as ingenuously as I should then, acknowledge that I have been in an Error.

[*Looking down on her Fan.*

Cam. Nay, that's too great a Condescension: Oh! Excellence! I repent! I see 'twas but Justice in you to demand my Knees, [*Kneeling*] my Sighs, my constant tenderest Regard and Service— And you shall have 'em, since you are above 'em—

L. Ha. Nay, Mr. *Campley*, you won't recall me to a Fault you have so lately shown me— I will not suffer this— No more Extacies! But pray, Sir, what was't you did to get my Sister out of the Room?

Cam. You may know it, and I must desire you to assist my Lord *Hardy* there, who writ to her by me— For he is no Ravisher, as you call'd me just now— He is now in the House — And I would fain gain an Interview —

L. Ha. That they may have — But they'll make little use of it; for the Tongue is the Instrument of Speech to us of a lower form; they are of that high Order of Lovers, who know none but Eloquent Silence, and can utter themselves only by a Gesture that speaks their Passion Inexpressible—and what not Fine things.

Cam. But pray let's go into your Sister's Closet, while they are together.

L. Ha. I swear I don't know how to see my Sister— she'll laugh me to Death to see me out of my Pantosfes, and you and I thus familiar— However, I know she'll approve it—

Cam. You may boast your self an Heroine to her, and the first Woman that was ever Vanquish'd by hearing
Truth,

Truth, and had Sincerity enough to receive so rough an Obligation, as being made acquainted with her Faults — Come, Madam, stand your Ground bravely, we'll March into her thus. [*She leaning on Campley.*]

L. Ha. Who'll believe a Woman's Anger more? I've betray'd the whole Sex to you, Mr. Campley. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lord Hardy and Campley.

Cam. My Lord, her Sister, who now is mine, will immediately send her hither — But be your self — Charge her bravely — I wish she were a Cannon — An Eighteen Pounder for your sake — Then I know, were there occasion, you'd be in the Mouth of her —

Ld. H. I long, yet fear to see her — I know I am unable to utter my self —

Cam. Come, retire here 'till she appears.

[*Go back to the Door.*]

Enter Lady Sharlot.

L. Sh. Now is the tender Moment now approaching. [*aside.*] There he is. [*They approach and salute each other Trembling.*] Your Lordship will please to sit; [*After a very long pause, stolen Glances, and irresolute Gesture.*] Your Lordship, I think, has Travell'd those parts of Italy where the Armies are —

Ld. H. Yes, Madam —

L. Sh. I think I have Letters from you, dated Mantua.

Ld. H. I hope you have, Madam, and that their purpose —

L. Sh. My Lord? — [*Looking serious and confus'd.*]

Ld. H. Was not your Ladyship going to say something?

L. Sh. I only attended to what your Lordship was going to say — That is, my Lord — But you were, I believe,

believe, going to say something of that Garden of the World, *Italy*—I am very sorry your Misfortunes in *England* are such as make you justly regret your leaving that Place.

Ld. H. There is a Person in *England* may make those Losses insensible to me—

L. Sh. Indeed, my Lord, there have so very few of Quality attended his Majesty in the War, that your Birth and Merit may well hope for his Favour.

Ld. H. I have, indeed, all the Zeal in the World for his Majesty's Service, and most grateful Affection for his Person, but did not then mean him—

L. Sh. But can you indeed impartially say that our Island is really preferable to the rest of the World, or is it an Arrogance only in us to think so?

Ld. H. I profess, Madam, that little I have seen has but more endear'd *England* to me; for that Medley of Humours which perhaps distracts our Publick Affairs, does, methinks, improve our private Lives, and makes Conversation more various, and consequently more pleasing—Every where else both Men and Things have the same Countenance—In *France* you meet much Civility, and little Friendship; in *Holland*, deep Attention, but little Reflection; in *Italy*, all Pleasure, but no Mirth—But here with us, where you have every where Pretenders, or Masters in every thing, you can't fall into Company wherein you shall not be Instructed or Diverted.

L. Sh. I never had an Account of any thing from you, my Lord, but I mourn'd the loss of my Brother, you would have been so happy a Companion for him—With that right Sense of yours—My Lord, you need not bow so Obsequiously, for I do you but Justice—But you sent me Word of your seeing a Lady in *Italy* very like me—Did you Visit her often?

Ld. H.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 35

Ld. H. Once or twice, but I observ'd her so loose a Creature, that I could have kill'd her for having your Person—

L. Sh. I thank you, Sir; but Heav'n that preserves me unlike her, will I hope make her more like me— But your Fellow-Traveller—His Relations themselves know not a just Account o' him—

Ld. H. The original Cause of his Fever was a violent Passion for a fine young Woman he had not Power to speak to—but I told her his Regard for her, as passionately as possible—

L. Sh. You were to him, what Mr. Campley has been to you—Whither am I running?—Poor, your Friend—Poor Gentleman—

Ld. H. I hope then as Campley's Eloquence is greater, so has been his Success—

L. Sh. My Lord?

Ld. H. Your Ladyship's.

Enter Lady Harriot.

L. Ha. Undone! Undone! *Tattleaid* has found, by some means or other, that Campley brought my Lord *Hardy* hither, we are utterly ruin'd, my Lady's coming—

Ld. H. I'll stay and confront her.

L. Sh. It must not be---we are too much in her Power.

Enter Campley.

Cam. Come, come, my Lord, we're routed Horse and Foot—Down the back Stairs, and so out. [*Exe.*

Ladies. Ay, ay—

L. Ha. I tremble every Joint of me—

L. Sh. I'm at a stand a little, but Rage will recover me, she's coming in—

Enter

Enter Widow.

Wid. Ladies, your Servant—I fear I interrupt you, have you Company? Lady *Harriet* your Servant, Lady *Sharlot* your Servant? What, not a Word—Oh I beg your Ladyship's Pardon—Lady *Sharlot* did I say? My young Lady *Brumpton*, I wish you Joy.

L. Sh. Oh your Servant, Lady Dowager *Brumpton*—That's an Appellation of much more Joy to you—

Wid. So smart, Madam! But you should, methinks, have made one acquainted—Yet, Madam, your Conduct is seen through—

L. Sh. My Conduct, Lady *Brumpton*!

Wid. Your Conduct, Lady *Sharlot*!

[Coming up to each other.]

L. Sh. Madam, 'tis you are seen through all your thin Disguises—

Wid. I seen? By whom?

L. Sh. By an all-peircing Eye, nay, by what you much more fear, the Eye of the World—The World sees you, or shall see you; it shall know your Secret Intemperance, your Publick Fasting—Loose Poems in your Closet, an Homily on your Toilet—Your easy skilful practis'd Hypocrisie, by which you wrought upon your Husband, basely to transfer the Trust and Ward of us, two helpless Virgins, into the Hands and Care of—I cannot name it—You're a Wicked Woman

L. Ha. *[Aside.]* Oh rare Sister! 'Tis a fine thing to keep ones Anger in stock by one, we that are angry and pleas'd every half Hour, have nothing at all of all this high flown Fury! Why, she rages like a Princess in a Tragedy! Blessings on her Tongue—

Wid. Is this the effect of your Morning Lectures, your Self-Examination, all this Fury?

L. Sh. Yes it is Madam; if I take pains to govern my Passions, it shall not give Licence to others to govern 'em for me—

Wid.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 37

Wid. Well, Lady *Sharlot*, however you ill deserve it of me, I shall take care, while there are Locks and Bars, to keep you from Lord *Hardy*—From being a Leiger Lady, from carrying a Knapfack.

L. Sh. Knapfack! Do you upbraid the Poverty your own wicked Arts have brought him to—Knapfack! Oh grant me Patience, can I hear this of the Man I Love? Knapfack! I have not Words—

[*Stamps about the Room.*]

Wid. I leave you to cool upon it, Love and Anger are very warm Passions—

[*Exit.*]

L. Ha. She has Lock'd us in—

L. Sh. Knapfack? Well, I will break Walls to go to him—I could sit down and cry my Eyes out! Dear Sister, what a Rage have I been in? Knapfack! I'll give vent to my just Resentment—Oh how shall I avoid this Base Woman, how meet that Excellent Man!—What an helpless Condition are you and I in now? If we run into the World, that Youth and Innocence which should demand Assistance, does but attract Invaders: Will Providence guard us? How do I see that our Sex is naturally Indigent of Protection?—I hope 'tis in Fate to crown our Loves; for 'tis only in the Protection of Men of Honour, that we are naturally truly Safe;

*And Woman's Happiness, for all her Scorn,
Is only by that Side whence she was Born.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley and Trim.

Ld. H. **T**Hat Jade *Tattleaid* saw me upon the Stairs, for I had not Patience to keep my Concealment, but must peep out to see what was become of you.

Cam. But we have Advice however it seems from the Garrison already—this Mistress of *Trim's* is a mighty lucky Accident—

Trim. Ay, Gentlemen, she has free Egress and Regress, and you know the *French* are the best bred People in the World—she'll be assistant — But, 'Faith, I have one Scruple that hangs about me—and that is—Look you, my Lord, we Servants have no Masters in their Absence — In a word, when I am with *Mada-moiselle* I talk of your Lordship as only a particular Acquaintance, that I do Business indeed for you sometimes—I must needs say, cries I, that indeed my Lord *Hardy* is really a Person I have a great Honour for—

Ld. H. Pish! is that all? I understand you—your Mistress does not know that you do me the Honour to clean my Shoes or so, upon occasion—Prithee, *Will*, make your self as Considerable as you please.

Trim. Well then, your Lesson is this—She, out of her Respect to me, and understanding Mr. *Campley* was an Intimate of my Friend my Lord *Hardy*, and condescending (tho' she is of a great House in *France*) to make Manto's for the Improvement of the *English*—which gives her easie Admittance—She, I say, mov'd by these Promises, has vouchsaf'd to bring a Letter from my Lady *Harriot* to Mr. *Campley*, and came to me to bring her to him. You are to understand also

that

that she is dress'd in the latest *French* Cut; her Dress is the Model of their Habit, and her self of their Manners—for she is—But you shall see her— [Exit.]

Ld. H. This gives me some Life—Chear up, *Tom*—but behold the Solemnity—Do you see *Trim's* Gallantry? I shall laugh out.

Enter Trim leading in Madamoiselle.

Trim. My dear Lord *Hardy*, this is *Madamoiselle d'Epingle*, whose Name you've often heard me sigh— [Lord *Hardy* salutes her.] Mr. *Campley*—*Madamoiselle d'Epingle*— [Campley salutes her.]

Mad. Votre Servante, Gentlemen, votre Servante—

Cam. I protest to you, I never saw any thing so becoming as your Dress—shall I beg the Favour you'd condescend to let Mr. *Trim* lead you once round the Room, that I may admire the Elegance of your Habit— [Trim leads her round.]

Ld. H. How could you ask such a thing?

Cam. Pshaw, my Lord, you are a bashful *English* Fellow—You see she is not surpriz'd at it, but thinks me gallant in desiring it—Oh, Madam! your Air—! The Negligence, the Disengagement of your Manner! Oh how delicate is your noble Nation—I swear, there's none but the clumsy *Dutch* and *English* would oppose such polite Conquerors—When shall you see an *English* Woman so dress'd?

Mad. De Englife! poor Barbarians, poor Savages, dey know no more of de Dress, but to cover dere Nakedness [glides along the Room.] Dey be cloded, but no dress'd—But Montieur *Terim*, which Montieur *Campley*?

Trim. That's honest *Tom Campley*—

Cam. At your Service, *Madamoiselle*—

Mad. I fear I incur de Censure, [pulling out the Letter, and recollecting as loath to deliver it] but Mr. *Terim* being your intimate Friend, and I designing to Honour

The FUNERAL: Or,

him in de way of an Husband—So—so—how do I run away in Discourse—I never make Promise to Mr. *Terim* before, and now to do it par accident—

Cam. Dear *Will Trim* is extreemly obliging in having prevail'd upon you, to do a thing, that the Severity of your Virtue, and the Greatness of your Quality (tho' a Stranger in the Country you now honour by your dwelling in it) would not let you otherwise condescend to—

Mad. Oh Monsieur! Oh Monsieur! you speak my very Thoughts—Oh! I don't know how! Pardon me to give a Billet—it so look—Oh fie! I can no stay after it— [*Drops it, runs affectedly to the other end of the Room, then quite out, Re-enters*] I beg ten thousand Pardons for go away to mal-propos— [*Curtseys as going.*]

Ld. H. Your Servant, good Madam— Mr. *Trim*, you know you Command here—pray, if Madam *d'Epingle* will honour our Cottage with longer stay, wait on her in, and entertain her—pray, Sir, be free—

Trim. My Lord, you know your Power over me, I'm all Complaisance— [*Leads her out.*]

Cam. Now to my dear Epistle—

S I R,

There is one thing which you were too Generous to touch upon in our last Conversation—We have reason to fear the Widow's Practices in relation to our Fortunes, if you are not too quick for her—I ask Lady *Sharlot* whether this is not her Sense to Lord *Hardy*—She says nothing, but lets me write on—These People always have, and will have, Admittance every where, therefore we may hear from you.

I am, S I R,

Your most Obedient Servant,

Harriot Love'y.

My

My obedient Servant!

Thy Obedience shall ever be as voluntary as now—
ten thousand thousand Kisses on thee—Thou dear
Paper—Look you, my Lord—what a pretty Hand
it is?

Ld. H. Why, *Tom*, thou dost not give me leave to
see it—you snatch it to your Mouth so—you'll stifle
the poor Lady—

Cam. Look you, my Lord, all along the Lines here
went the Pen; and through them white Intervals her
snowy Fingers. Do you see, this is her Name—

Ld. H. Nay, there's Lady *Sharlots*'s Name too in the
midst of the Letter—Why, you'll not be so uncon-
fessionable—you're so greedy, you'll give me one Kiss
sure—

Cam. Well, you shall, but you're so eager—don't
bite me—for you shan't have it in your own Hands—
there, there, there—Let go my Hand—

Ld. H. What an exquisite Pleasure there is in this
Foolery—But what shall we do?

Cam. I have a Thought; prithee, my Lord, call
Trim.

Ld. H. Ha, *Trim*—

Cam. Hold, Mr. *Trim*—You forget his Mistress is
there.

Ld. H. Cra'mercy—Dear *Will Trim*, step in hither.

Cam. Ay, that's something—

Enter Trim.

Trim, have not I seen a young Woman sometimes car-
ry Madam *d'Epingle*'s Trinkets for her, coming from
my Lady *Brumpton*'s—

Trim. Yes, you might have seen such a one, she
waits for her now—

Cam. Do you think you could not prevail for me
to be dress'd in that Wench's Clothes, and attend your

Mistress in her stead thither? They'll not dream we should so soon attempt again——

Trim. Yes, I'll engage it——

Cam. Then we'll trust the rest to our good Genius, I'll about it instantly—— *Harriot Lovely*——

[*Exit kissing the Letter.*]

Enter Widow and Tattleaid.

Wid. This was well done of you; be sure you take care of their young Ladyships; you shall, I promise you, have a snip in the Sale of 'em.

Tat. I thank your good Ladyship.

Wid. Is that the Porter's Paper of How d'ye's?

Tat. Yes, Madam, he just sent it up——His general Answer is, that you're as well as can be expected in your Condition, but that you see no Body——

Wid. That's right—— [*reading Names.*] *Lady Riggle*, *Lady Formal*—— Oh! that *Riggle*, a pert Ogler—— an indiscreet silly Thing, who is really known by no Man, yet for her Carriage justly thought Common to all; and as *Formal* has only the Appearance of Virtue, so she has only the Appearance of Vice——What Chance, I wonder, put these Contradictions to each other into the same Coach, as you say they call'd——*Mrs. Francis*, and *Mrs. Winifred Glebe*—— who are they?

Tat. They are the Country great Fortunes, have been out of Town this whole Year; they are those whom your Ladyship said upon being very well Born, took upon 'em to be very ill Bred——

Wid. Did I say so? really I think 'twas apt enough, now I remember 'em: *Lady Wrinkle*, Oh that smug old Woman! there's no enduring her Affectation of Youth, but I plague her; I always ask whether her Daughter in *Wiltshire* has a Grandchild yet or not—— *Lady Worby*—— I can't bear her Company, she has so much of that Virtue in her Heart, which I have in my Mouth only.

[*Aside.*
Mrs.

Mrs. *After-Day*—Oh that's she that was the great Beauty—the mighty Toast about Town, that's just come out of the Small-Pox, she's horridly pitted they say; I long to see her and plague her with my Condolance—'Tis a pure ill-natur'd Satisfaction to see one that was a Beauty unfortunately move with the same Languor, and Softness of Behaviour, that once was Charming in her—To see, I say, her mortify that us'd to kill—Ha, ha, ha! The rest are a Catalogue of mere Names or Titles they were born to, an insipid Croud of the neither good nor bad—But you are sure these other Ladies suspect not in the least that I know of their coming—

Tat. No, dear Madam, they are to ask for me—

Wid. I hear a Coach—

[Exit Tat.]

I've now an exquisite Pleasure in the thought of surpassing my Lady *Sly*, who pretends to have outgriev'd the whole Town for her Husband—They are certainly coming—Oh no! here let me—Thus let me sit and think—[Widow on her Couch, while she is raving as to her self, Tattleaid softly brings in the Ladies.] Wretched Disconsolate as I am! Oh welcome—welcome, dear killing Anguish—Oh that I could lye down and dye in my present Heaviness—But what—how? Nay, my dear dear Lord—Why do you look so pale, so gaily at me, Wottoo, Wottoo, fright thy own trembling shivering Wife—

Tat. Nay, good Madam, be comforted.

Wid. Thou shalt not have me—

[Pushes Tat.]

Tat. Nay, good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your Ladyship's own Woman—'Tis I, Madam, that dress you, and talk to you, and tell you all that's done in the House every Day; 'tis I—

Wid. Is it then possible? Is it then possible that I am left—speak to me not—hold me not—I'll break the list'ning Walls with my Complaints. [Looks surpriz'd at seeing Company, then severely at Tattleaid.] Ah! Tattleaid—

C +

1 La.

1 *La.* Nay, Madam, be not angry at her, we would come in in spite of her— We are your Friends, and are as concern'd as you—

Wid. Ah! Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam, I am an undone Woman— Oh me! Alas! Alas! Oh! Oh! [*All join in her Notes.*] I swoon, I expire. [*Faints.*]

2 *La.* Pray, Mrs. *Tattleaid*, bring something that is Cordial to her. [*Exit Tattleaid.*]

3 *La.* Indeed, Madam, you should have Patience, his Lordship was Old. To dye is but going before in a Journey we must all take.

Enter Tattleaid loaded with Bottles. 3d Lady takes a Bottle from her and drinks.

4 *La.* Lord! how my Lady *Fleer* drinks; I've heard, indeed, but never could believe it of her. [*Drinks also.*]

1 *La.* But, Madam, don't you hear what the Town says of the Jilt *Flirt*, the Men lik'd so much in the *Park*—Hark ye— was seen with him in an Hackney-Coach— and Silk-Stockins— Key-hole— his Wig— on the Chair— [*Whispers by Interruptions.*]

2 *La.* Impudent *Flirt*, to be found out!

3 *La.* But I speak it only to you—

4 *La.* Nor I but to one more— [*Whispers next Wo.*]

5 *La.* I can't believe it; nay, I always thought it, Madam— [*Whispers the Widow.*]

Wid. Sure 'tis impossible! the demure prim Thing— sure all the World's Hypocritic— Well, I thank my Stars, whatsoever Sufferings I have, I've none in Reputation. I wonder at the Men, I could never think her handsome. She has really a good Shape and Complexion, but no Mein. And no Woman has the use of her Beauty without Mein. Her Charms are dumb, they want utterance. But whither does Distraction lead me, to talk of Charms?

1 *La.* Charms? a Chit's, a Girl's Charms— Come let us Widows be true to our selves, keep our Countenances,

tenances, and our Characters, and a Fig for the Maids, I mean for the unmarried.

2 *La.* Ay, since they will set up for our Knowledge, why should not we for their Ignorance?

3 *La.* But, Madam, o' *Sunday* Morning at Church I curtied to you; and look'd at a great Fuls in a glaring light Dress next Pew. That strong masculine Thing is a Knight's Wife, pretends to all the Tendernefs in the World! and would fain put the unweildy upon us for the soft, the languid! She has of a sudden left her Dairy, and sets up for a fine Town-Lady, calls her Maid *Sissy* her Woman, speaks to her by her Sirname, Mrs. *Cherryft*, and her great Foot-Boy of Nineteen, big enough for a Trooper, is strip'd into a Lace Coat, now Mr. Page forsooth.

4 *La.* Oh! I have seen her—Well, I heartily pity some People for their Wealth, they might have been unknown else! You'd dye, Madam, to see her and her Equipage—I thought the honest fat Tits, her Horses, were asham'd of their finery; they drag'd on, as if they were still at the Plough, and a great bashful-look'd Booby behind, grasp'd the Coach as if he held one.

5 *La.* Alas! some People think there's nothing but being fine to be Gentile; but the high Prance of the Hories, and the brisk Insolence of the Servants in an Equipage of Quality, are inimitable, but to our own Beasts and Servants.

1 *La.* Now you talk of Equipage, I envy this Lady, the Beauty she'll appear in in a mourning Coach, 'twill so become her Complexion; I confess I my self mourn'd two Years for no other Reason. Take up that Hood there; Oh! that fair Face with a Veil.

[*They take up her Hoods.*]

Wid. Fie, fie, Ladies——But I've been told, indeed, Black does become——

2 *La.* Well, I'll take the liberty to speak it, there's young *Nutbrain* has long had (I'll be sworn) a Passion for this Lady; but I'll tell you one thing, I fear she'll dislike, that is, he's younger than she is.

3 *La.* No, that's no Exception; but I'll tell you one, he's younger than his Brother.

Wid. Ladies, talk not of such Affairs: - Who could love such an unhappy Relict as I am? But, dear Madam, what grounds have you for that idle Story?

4 *La.* Why he toasts you, and trembles when you're spoke of; it must be a Match.

Wid. Nay, nay; you rally, you rally: But I know you mean it kindly.

1 *La.* I swear we do.

[*Tattleaid whispers the Widow.*

Wid. But I must beseech you, Ladies, since you have been so compassionate, as to visit and accompany my Sorrow, to give me the only Comfort I can now know, to see my Friends chearful, and to honour an Entertainment *Tattleaid* has prepar'd within for you: If I can find Strength enough I'll attend you; but I wish you'd excuse me, for I've no relish of Food or Joy, but will try to get a Bit down in my own Chamber.

All. No, no, you must go with us.

1 *La.* There's no Pleasure without you.

Wid. But, Madam, I must beg of your Ladyship not to be so importune to my fresh Calamity, as to mention *Nutbrain* any more: I'm sure there's nothing in it: In Love with me, quoth a',

[*Is helped off.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Madamoiselle, and Campley in Woman's Clothes carrying her Things.

Mad. I very glad us be in de Ladies Antichamber; I was sham'd of you. You you such an impudent Look:

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Look : Besides me wonder you were not seiz'd by the Constable, when you push'd de Man into de Kennel.

Cam. Why, shou'd I have let him kiss'd me?

Mad. No: But if you had hit him wit Fan, and say, why sure Sawcy-box, it been enough; beside what you hitted de Gentleman for offer kisse me.

Cam. I beg pardon, I did not know you were pleas'd with it.

Mad. Please, no, but me rader be kisse, den you, Mr. *Terim's* Freind, be found out. Could not you say when he kisse me, sure Sawcy-box dat's Meat for your Master. Besides you take such Strides when you walk—walk— Oh fie; dese littil pette tiny bits a Woman steps.

[*Shewing her step.*]

Cam. But prithce, *Madamoiselle*, why have you lost your *English* Tongue all of a sudden; methought when the Fellow call'd us *French* Whores, as we came along, and said we came to Starve their own People, you gave him pretty plain *English*; he was a Dog, a Rascal, you'd send him to the Stocks—

Mad. Ha! ha! ha! I was in a Passion and betray'd my self, but you're my Lover's Friend, and a Man of Honour, therefore know you'll do nothing to injure us. Why, Mr. *Campley*, you must know I can speak as good *English* as you, but I don't for fear of losing my Customers: The *English* will never give a Price for any thing they understand. Nay, I've known some of your Fools pretend to buy with good Breeding, and give any rate rather than not be thought to have *French* enough to know what they were doing; strange and farfetch'd Things they only like: Don't you see how they swallow Gallons of the Juice of Tea, while their own Dock-leaves are trod under Foot. But Mum: my Lady *Harriot*.

Enter Lady Harriot.

Madam, vostre Servante, Servante—

L. Ha.

L. Ha. Well, *Mademoiselle*, did you deliver my Letter?

Mad. Ovi—

L. Ha. Well and how—is that it in your Hand?

Mad. Ovi—

L. Ha. Well then, why don't you give it me?

Mad. Oh fie! Lady, dat be so right Englife, de Englife mind only de Words of de Lovers, but de Words of de Lovers are often Lie, but de Action no Lie—

L. Ha. What does the thing mean? Give me my Letter—

Mad. Me did not deliver your Letter—

L. Ha. No?

Mad. No, me tell you, me did drop it, to see Mr. *Campley* how Cavalier to take it up. As dese me drop it so Monsieur run take it up—

[*They both run to take it up. Mad. takes it.*]

L. Ha. Will you give me my Letter or not?

Mad. Ovi—But dus he do—Dere de Letter—ver'y well, very well. O L' amour! You act de manner Mr. *Campley*—take it up better den I, do' you no see it. [*They both run, Harriot gets it.*]

L. Ha. Reads.

MADAM,

I Am glad you mention'd what indeed I did not at that time think of, nor if I had, shou'd I have known how to have spoken of. But blefs me more than Fortune can, by turning those Fair Eyes upon, Madam,

Your most Faithful,

Most Obedient Humble Servant,

Tho. Campley.

What

What does he mean? But bless me more—by turning—Oh 'tis he himself—[*Looking about observes Cam. smile*] Oh the Hoiden—the Romp—I did not think any thing could add to your native Confidence, but you look so very bold in that Dress—and your Arms will fall of—And your Petticoats how they hang?

Cam. Madamoiselle Voulez vous de *Salville Leau D'Hongrie*, Chez Monsieur Marchand de *Montpelier*—Dis for your Teet, [*showing his Trinkets*] De Essence, a little Book French for teach De elder Broders make Compliments. Will you, I say, have any thing that I have, will you have all I have?—Madam.

L. Ha. Yes, and for the Humour's sake, will never part with this Box, while I live, ha! ha! ha!

Cam. But, Lady *Harriot*, we must not stand Laughing; as you observe in your Letter, Delays are dangerous in this wicked Woman's Custody of you—therefore I must, Madam, beseech you, and pray stay not on Niceties, but be advis'd.

L. Ha. Mr. *Campley*, I have no Will but yours.

Cam. Thou dear Creature—but [*Kisses her Hand*] Harkee then you must change Dresses with *Madamoiselle*, and go with me instantly.

L. Ha. What you please—

Cam. Madam *D'Epingle*, I must desire you to comply with a Humour of Gallantry of ours, you may be sure I'll have an Eye over the Treatment you have upon my Account, only to change Habits with Lady *Harriot*, and let her go, while you stay.

Mad. Wit all my Heart. [*Offers to undress her self.*

L. Ha. What, before Mr. *Campley*?

Mad. Oh, oh very *Anglaise*! Dat is so *Englise*, all Women of Quality in *France* are dress and undress by a Valet de *Chambre*, de Man Chamber-maid help Complexion, better Den de Woman. [*Apart to Har.*

L. Ha.

The FUNERAL: Or,

L. Ha. Nay, that's a Secret in dress, *Mademoiselle*, I never knew before, and am so unpolish'd an *English* Woman as to resolve never to learn ev'n to dress before my Husband. Oh! Indecency! Mr. *Campley*, do you hear what *Mademoiselle* says——

Mad. Oh! Hift——*Bagatelle*.

L. Ha. Well, we'll run in and be ready in an instant. [*Exe. L. Harriot and Mademoiselle.*]

Cam. Well, I like her every Minute better and better. What a delicate Chastity she has! There's something so gross in the Carriage of some Wives (tho' they're honest too) that they lose their Husbands Hearts for Faults, which if they have either good Nature, or good Breeding, they know not how to tell 'em of. But how happy am I in such a Friend as *Hardy*, such a Mistress as *Harriot*!

*Continue Hear'n, a grateful Heart to bless
With Faith in Friendship, and in Love Success.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Widow and Trusty.

Wid. **M**R. *Trusty*, you have, I do assure you, the same Place and Power, in the Management of my Lord *Brumpton's* Estate, as in his Life-time. (I am reduc'd to a Necessity of trusting him) [*aside.*] However *Tattleaid* dissembles the Matter, she must be privy to Lady *Harriot's* Escape, and *Fardingle's* as deep with 'em both, and I fear will be their Ruin, which 'tis my Care and Duty to prevent. Be Vigilant, and you shall be rewarded. I shall employ you wholly in Lady *Sharlot's* Affairs, she is able to pay
Services

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Services done for her. You've Sense, and understand me. [Exit Widow.

Trim. Yes, I do indeed understand you, and could wish another could with as much Detestation as I do, but my poor old Lord is so strangely, so bewitchedly Enamour'd of her; that ev'n after this Discovery of her Wickedness, I see he could be reconcil'd to her, and tho' he is asham'd to confess to me, I know he longs to speak with her. If I tell Lord *Hardy* all to make his Fortune, he would not let his Father be dishonour'd by a publick way of Separation. If Things are acted privately, I know she'll throw us all; there's no Middle-way, I must expose her to make a Re-union impracticable: Alas, how is honest Truth banish'd the World, when we must watch the Seasons and soft Avenues to Mens Hearts, to gain it Entrance ev'n for their own Good and Interest! [Ex.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, and Trim.

Ld. H. I forget my own Misfortunes, dear *Campley*, when I reflect on your Success.

Cam. I assure you, it moderates the swell of Joy that I am in, to think of your Difficulties. I hope my Felicity is previous to yours; my Lady *Harriet* gives her Service to you, and we both think it but decent to suspend our Marriage, 'till your and Lady *Charles's* Affairs are in the same Posture.

Ld. H. Where is my Lady?

Cam. She's at my Aunt's, my Lord. But, my Lord, if you don't interpose, I don't know how I shall adjust matters with Mr. *Trim*, for leaving his Mistress behind me, I fear he'll demand Satisfaction of me.

Trim. No, Sir; alas, I can know no Satisfaction while she is in Jeopardy. Therefore would rather be put in a way to recover her by storming the Castle,

file, or other feat of Arms, like a true enamour'd Swain as I am.

Cam. Since we are all three then expecting Lovers, my Lord, prethee let's have that Song of yours which suits our common Purpose.

Ld. H. Call in the Boy.

Boy Sings.

*Ye Minutes bring the happy Hour,
And Chloc blushing to the Bower:
Then shall all Idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes or Heart e'er wander more:
Both, Chloc, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy Sex to me.*

II.

*A Guilty is a false Embrace;
Corinna's Love's a Fairy-Chace:
Begone, thou Meteor, Fleeting Fire,
And all, that can't survive Desire.
Chloc my Reason moves and Awe,
And Cupid shot me, when he saw.*

Trim. Look you, Gentlemen, since as you are pleas'd to say we're all Lovers, and consequently Poets, pray do me the Honour to hear a little Air of mine: You must know then, I once had the Misfortune to fall in love below my self, but Things went hard with us at that time, so that my Passion, or as I may poetically speak, my Fire was in the Kitchen: 'Twas towards a Cook-Maid; but before I ever saw Mrs. Deborah.

Ld. H. Come on then, *Trim*, let's have it.

Trim. I must run into next Room for a Lute. [*Exit.*

Cam. This must be diverting! can the Rogue play?

Re-enter

Re-enter Trim, with a pair of Tongs.

Trim. Dear Cynderaxa her self very well understood this Instrument, I therefore always sung this Song to it, as thus.

I.

*Cynderaxa kind and good,
Has all my Heart and Stomach too;
She makes me love, not hate, my Food,
As other peevish Wenches do.*

II.

*When Venus leaves her Vulcan's Cell,
Which all but I a Cole-hole call;
Fly, fly ye that above Stairs dwell,
Her Face is wash'd, ye vanish all.*

III.

*And as she's Fair, she can impart
That Beauty, to make all Things fine;
Brighten's the Floor with wondrous Art,
And at her touch the Dishes shine.*

Ld. H. I protest, Will, thou art a Poet indeed.
And at her touch the Dishes shine—And you touch your Lute as finely.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There's one Mr. Trusty below would speak with my Lord.

Ld. H. Mr. Trusty? My Father's Steward? What can he have to say to me?

Cam. He's very honest, to my Knowledge.

Ld. H. I remember indeed when I was turn'd out of the House, he follow'd me to the Gate, and wept over me, for which I've heard he'd like to have lost his Place. But however I must advise with you a little,

tle, about my Behaviour to him; let's in. Boy, bring him up hither, tell him I'll wait on him presently.

[Exit Boy.

I shall want you, I believe, here, *Trim*.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Boy and Trusty.

Boy. My Lord will wait on you here immediately.

[Exit Boy.

Tru. 'Tis very well——these Lodgings are but homely for the Earl of *Brumpton*——Oh that damn'd Strumpet——that I shou'd ever know my Master's Wife for such——How many thousand Things does my Head run back to? After my poor Father's Death the good Lord took me, because he was a Captain in his Regiment, and gave me Education. I was, I think, Three and Twenty when this young Lord within was christned; what a do there was about calling him *Francis*? [wipes his Eyes.] These are but poor Lodgings for him. I cannot bear the Joy to think that I shall save the Family, from which I've had my Bread.

Enter Trim.

Trim. Sir, my Lord will wait you immediately.

Tru. Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait him——[as *Trim* is going] but Sir, are not you the young Man that attended him at *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*, and have follow'd him ever since?

Trim. Yes, Sir, I am.

Tru. Nay, Sir, no harm, but you'll thrive the better for it.

Trim. I like this old Fellow, I smell more Money.

[Aside. Exit.

Tru. I think 'tis now Eight Years since I saw him, he was not then Nineteen, when I follow'd him to the Gate, and gave him fifty Guineas, which I pretended his Father sent after him.

Enter

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. H. Mr. *Trusty*, I'm very glad to see you, you look very hale and jolly; you wear well—I'm glad to see it—but your Commands to me, Mr. *Trusty*.

Tru. Why my Lord, I presume to wait on your Lordship; my Lord, you're strangely grown; you're your Father's very Picture; you're he, my Lord: You are the very Man that look'd so pleas'd, to see me look so fine in my Lac'd Livery, to go to Court. I was his Page when he was just such another as you. He kiss'd me afore a great many Lords, and said I was a brave Man's Son that taught him to Exercise his Arms. I remember he carry'd me to the great Window, and bid me be sure to keep in your Mother's Sight in all my Finery. She was the finest young Creature, the Maids of Honour hated to see her at Court. My Lord then courted my good Lady: She was as kind to me on her Death Bed, she said to me, Mr. *Trusty* take care of my Lord's second Marriage for that Child's Sake: She pointed as well as she could to you; you fell a crying, and said she should not die; but she did, my Lord; she left the World, and no one like her in't. Forgive me my honour'd Master, [*Weeps, runs to my Lord, and hugs him*] I've often carry'd you in these Arms that grasp you, they were stronger then, but if I die to morrow you're worth Five Thousand Pounds by my Gift, 'tis what I've got in the Family, and I return it to you with thanks—— But alas, do I live to see you want it?

Ld. H. You confound me with all this Tenderneſs and Generoſity.

Tru. I'll trouble you no longer, my Lord—— but——

Ld. H. Call it not a Trouble; for ——

Tru. My good Lord, I will not, I ſay, indulge my ſelf in talking fond Tales that melt me, and interrupt my

my Story: My Business to your Lordship, in one word, is this; I am in good Confidence at present with my Lady *Dowager*, and I know she has some Fears upon her, which depend upon the Nature of the Settlement to your Disfavour; and under the Rose—Be your self—I fear your Father has not had fair play for his Life; be compos'd, my Lord, what is to be done is this, we'll not apply to publick Justice in this case, 'till we see farther; 'twill make it Noisic, which we must not do, if I might advise. You shall, with a Detachment of your Company, seize the Corps as it goes out of the House this Evening to be interr'd in the Country, 'twill only look like taking the Administration upon your self, and commencing a Suit for the Estate; she has put off the lying in State, and Lady *Harriot's* escape with Mr. *Campley* makes her fear he will prove a powerful Friend, both to the young Ladies and your Lordship. She cannot with decency be so busie, as when the Corps is out of the House, therefore hastens it. I know your whole Affair, leave the care of Lady *Sharlot* to me, I'll pre-acquaint her, that she mayn't be frightned, and dispose of her safely to observe the Issue.

Ld. H. I wholly understand you, it shall be done.

Tru. I'm sure I am wanted this moment for your Interest at home. This Ring shall be the Pass-port of Intelligence, for whom you send to assault us, and the Remittance of it seal'd with this, shall be Authentick from within the House.

Ld. H. 'Tis very well.

Tru. Hope all you can wish, my Lord, from a certain Secret relating to the Estate, which I'll acquaint you with next time I see you. [Exit.]

Ld. H. Your Servant—This Fellow's strangely honest—Ha! Will.

Enter

Enter Campley and Will.

Will. don't the Recruits wait for me to see 'em at their Parade before this House?

Trim. Yes, and have waited these three Hours.

Ld. H. Go to 'em, I'll be there my self immediately, we must attack with 'em, if the Rogues are sturdy, this very Evening.

Trim. I guess where—I'm overjoy'd at it. I'll warrant you they do it, if I command in Chief.

Ld. H. I design you shall. [*Trim runs out jumping.*]

Cam. You seem, my Lord, to be in deep Meditation.

Ld. H. I am so, but not on any thing that you may not be acquainted with.

Enter Trim, with a Company of ragged Fellows, with a Cane.

1 *Sol.* Why then I find, Mr. *Trim*, we shall come to Blows before we see the *French*—

Trim. Harkee, Friend, 'tis not your Affair to guess or enquire what you are going to do, 'tis only for us Commanders—

2 *Sol.* The *French*, Pox, they are but a Company of scratching Civet Cats—They Fight!

Trim. Harkee, don't bluster—were not you a little mistaken in your facings at *Steinkirk*?—

2 *Sol.* I grant it; you know I have an Antipathy to the *French*—I hate to see the Dogs—Look you here, Gentlemen, I was shot quite through the Body—Look you.

Trim. Prethce, look where it enter'd at your Back.

2 *Sol.* Look you, Mr. *Trim*, you will have your Joke, we know you are a Wit—But what's that to a fighting Man?

Enter

Enter Kate.

Kate. Mr. Trim—Mr. Trim—

Trim. Things are not as they have been, Mrs. Kate, I now pay the Company—And we that pay Money expect a little more Ceremony—

Kate. Will your Honour please to taste some right French Brandy?—

Trim. Art thou sure, good Woman, 'tis right [*Drinks.*] How—French—pray—nay, if I find you deceive me, who pay the Men— [*Drinks.*]

Kate. Pray, good Master, have you spoke to my Lord about me.

Trim. I have, but you shall speak to him your self—thou hast been a true Campaigner, Kate, and we must not neglect thee—Do you sell grey Pease yet of an Evening—Mrs. Matchlock— [*Drinks again.*]

Kate. Any thing to turn the Penny, but I got more by crying Pamphlets this Year, than by any thing I have done a great while—Now I am Married into the Company again, I design to cross the Seas next Year. But, Master, my Husband, a Temple Porter, and a Parliament Man's Footman, last Night by their talk made me think there was danger of a Peace, why they said all the prime People were against a War.

Trim. No, no, Kate, never fear, you know I keep great Company, all Men are for a War; but some would have it Abroad, and some would have it at Home in their own Country.

Kate. Ay, say you so, Drink about Gentlemen, not a Farthing to pay, a War is a War, be it where it will;—But pray, Mr. Trim, speak to my Lord, that when these Gentlemen have Shirts I may wash for 'em.

Trim. I tell you, if you behave well to Night, you shall have a Fortnight's Pay each Man as a Reward; but there's none of you Industrious, there's a thou-

sand

find things you might do to help out about this Town—as to cry—Puff—Puff—Pyes. Have you any Knives or Scissors to grind—or late in an Evening, whip from *Grubstreet* strange and bloody News from *Flanders*—Votes from the House of Commons—Buns, rare Buns—old Silver Lace, Cloaks, Sutes or Coats—old Shoes, Boots or Hats—But here, here, here's my Lord a coming—here's the Captain, fall back into the Rank—There move up in the Center.

Enter Lord Hardy and Campley.

Ld. H. Let me see whether my ragged Friends are ready and about me.

Kate. Ensign *Campley*, Ensign *Campley*, I am overjoy'd to see your Honour, ha' the World's surely alter'd, ha'.

Cam. 'Tis so 'faith, *Kate*, why thou art true to the Cause, with the Company still, honest *Amazon*.

Kate. Dear Soul, not a bit of Pride in him; but won't your Honour help in my Business with my Lord, speak for me, noble Ensign, do.

Cam. Speak to him your self, I'll second you.

Kate. Noble Captain, my Lord, I suppose Mr. *Trim* has told your Honour about my Petition, I have been a great Sufferer in the Service; 'tis hard for a poor Woman to lose nine Husbands in a War, and no Notice taken; nay, three of 'em alas in the same Campaign, here the Woman stands that says it, I never strip'd a Man 'till I first try'd if he could stand on his Legs, and if not, I think 'twas fair Plunder, except our Adjutant, and he was a Puppy that made my eighth Husband run the Gauntlet for not turning his Toes out.

Ld. H. Well, we'll consider thee *Kate*, but fall back into the Rear. A Roll of what? Gentlemen Soldiers.

Trim.

Trim to Pumpkin.] Do you hear that, my Lord himself can't deny but we are all Gentlemen as much as his Honour—

Ld. H. reading.] Gentlemen Soldiers quartered in and about *Guy-Court* in *Vinegar-Yard*, in *Russel-Court* in *Drury-lane*, belonging to the Honourable Captain *Hardy's* Company of Foot—So, answer to your Names, and March off from the Left—*John Horfeem* Corporal, March easie, that I may view you as you pass by me: Drums. *Simon Ruffle*. *Darby Tattoo*—There's a Shilling for you—*Tattoo* be always so tight: How does he keep himself so clean?

Trim. Sir, he is a Tragedy-Drum to one of the Play-houses.

Ld. H. Private Gentlemen—*Alexander Cowitch*, *Humphrey Mundungus*, *William Faggot*, *Nicholas Scab*, *Timothy Megrim*, *Philip Scratch*, *Nehemiah Dust*, *Humphrey Garbage*, *Nathaniel Matchlock*.

Cam. What, is *Matchlock* come back to the Company? That's the Fellow that brought me off at *Steinkirk*.

Ld. H. No, Sir, 'tis I am oblig'd to him for that; [*Offering to give him Money*] there Friend; you shall want for nothing, I'll give thee a Halbert too.

Kate. O brave me! Shall I be a Serjeant's Lady—I 'faith I'll make the Drums, and the Corporal's Wives, and Company-keepers know their Distance.

Cam. How far out of the Country did you come to Lift, don't you come from *Cornwall*, how did you bear your Charges?

Match. I was whipt from Constable to Constable—

Trim. Ay, my Lord, that's due by the Courtesy of *England* to all that want in red Coats; besides, there's an

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an Act that makes us Free of all Corporations, and that's the Ceremony of it.

Cam. But what Pretence had they for using you so ill, you did not Pilfer?

Match. I was found guilty of being Poor.

Cam. Poor Devil!

Ld. H. Timothy Ragg—Oh *Ragg*! I thought when I gave you your Discharge, just afore the Peace, we should never have had you again, how came you to List now?

Ragg. To pull down the *French King*.

Ld. H. Bravely resolv'd—But pull your Shirt into your Breeches, in the meantime.—*Jeoffrey Tatter*—What's become of the Skirts and Buttons of your Coat?

Tatter. In our last Cloathing in the Regiment I serv'd in afore, the Colonel had one Skirt before, the Agent one behind, and every Captain of the Regiment a Button.

Ld. H. Hush, you Rogue, you talk Mutiny. [*Smiling.*]

Trim. Ay Sirrah, what have you to do with more Knowledge than that of your Right Hand from your Left? [*Hits him a Blow on the Head.*]

Ld. H. Hugh Clump—*Clump*, thou growest a little too heavy for Marching.

Trim. Ay, my Lord, but if we don't allow him the Pay he'll starve, for he's too Lame to get into the Hospital.

Ld. H. Richard Bumpkin: Ha! A perfect Country Hick—how came you, Friend, to be a Soldier?

Bump. An't please your Honour, I have been cross'd in Love, and am willing to seek my Fortune.

Ld. H. Well I've seen enough of 'em, if you mind your Affair, and act like a wise General, these Fellows may do—come take your Orders. [*Trim puts his Hat on his Stick, while my Lord is giving him the Ring, and whispers Orders.*] Well, Gentlemen, do your Bu-

ness manfully, and nothing shall be too good for you.

All. Bless your Honour. [*Exe. Har. and Campley.*]

Trim. Now, my brave Friends and Fellow-Soldiers—
[*aside*] I must Fellow-Soldier 'em just afore a Battel, like a true Officer, tho' I Cane 'em all the Year round beside—[*Strutting about*] Major-General *Trim*, no, Pox, *Trim* sounds so very short and priggish—that my Name should be a Monosyllable! But the Foreign News will write me, I suppose, Monsieur or Chevalier *Trimont*, Seigneur *Trimoni*, or Count *Trimuntz* in the German Army I shall perhaps be call'd; ay, that's all the Plague and Comfort of us great Men, they do so toss our Names about—But Gentlemen, you are now under my Command—Huzza! Thrice—Faith, this is very pleasing, this Grandeur! Why, after all, 'tis upon the Neck of such Scoundrels as these Gentlemen, that we great Captains build our Renown—A Million or two of these Fellows make an *Alexander*, and as that my Predecessor said in the Tragedy of him on the very same occasion going to storm for his *Statira*, so do I for my Dear Sempstrefs, Madam *d'Epingle*.

*When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory leads the way.*

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.

Tru. SHE knows no Moderation in her good Fortune, she has, out of Impatience to see her self in her Weeds, order'd her Mantua Woman to stitch up any thing immediately — You may hear her and *Tattleaid* laugh aloud — she is so wantonly merry.

Ld. B. But this of Lady *Sharlot* is the very utmost of all Ill — Pray read — But I must sit — My late Fit of the Gout makes me act with Pain and Constraint — Let me see —

Tru. She writ it by the Page, who brought it me, as I had wheedled him to do all their Passages.

Ld. B. [*reads.*] You must watch the occasion of the Servants being gone out of the House with the Corps, *Tattleaid* shall Conduct you to my Lady *Sharlor's* Apartment — away with her — and be sure you Bed her —

Your Affectionate Sister, Mary Brumpton.

Brumpton? The Creature — She call'd as *Frank's* Mother was? *Brumpton!* The Succuba! What a Devil Incarnate have I had in my Bosom? Why, the common abandon'd Town Women would scruple such an Action as this — Tho' they have lost all regard to their own Chastity, they would be tender of another's — Why sure she had no Infancy — She never had Virginity, to have no Compassion through Memory of her own former Innocence — This is to forget her very Humanity — her very Sex — Where is my poor Boy? Where's *Frank*? Does not he want! How has he liv'd all this time — Not a Servant I warrant, to attend him — What Company can he keep? What can he say of his Father?

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Tru.

Tru. Tho' you made him not your Heir, he is still your Son—and has all the Duty and Tenderneſs in the world, for your Memory—

Ld. B. It is impoſſible, *Truſty*, it is impoſſible — I will not rack my ſelf with the Thought, that one I have injur'd can be ſo very good—Keep me in Countenance—— tell me he hates my very Name — wou'd not aſſume my Title, becauſe it deſcends from me — What's his Company?

Tru. Young *Tom Campley*, they are never aſunder.

Ld. B. I am glad He has my pretty Tattler — the Chearful Innocent — *Harriot* — I hope he'll be good to her — he's good-natur'd and well-bred —

Tru. But, my Lord, ſhe was very punctual in ordering the Funeral — ſhe bid *Sable* be ſure to lay you deep enough — ſhe had heard ſuch Stories of the wicked Sextons taking up People — but I wiſh, my Lord, you would pleaſe to hear her and *Tattlenid* once more —

Ld. B. I know to what thy Zeal tends — but I tell you, ſince you cannot be convinc'd but that I have ſtill a Softneſs for her — I ſay tho' I had ſo, it ſhould never make me tranſgreſs that ſcrupulous Honour that becomes a Peer of *England* — if I could forget Injuries done my ſelf thus groſs — I never will thoſe done my Friends — You knew *Sharlot's* worthy Father — No — there's no need of my ſeeing more of this Woman — I behold her now with the ſame Eyes that you do — there's a Meanneſs in all ſhe ſays or does — ſhe has a great Wit, but a little Mind — ſomething ever wanting to make her appear my Lady *Brampton* — ſhe has nothing natively Great — you ſee I love her not — I talk with Judgment of her —

Tru. I ſee it, my good Lord, with Joy I ſee it — nor care how few things I ſee more in this World — my Satisfaction is compleat — welcome old Age —

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welcome Decay——'tis not Decay, but growth to a latter Being.

[Exit, leading Ld. B.]

Re-enter Trusty meeting Cabinet.

Tru. I have your Letter, Mr. *Cabinet*.

Cab. I hope, Sir, you'll believe it was not in my Nature to be guilty of so much Baseness; but being born a Gentleman, and bred out of all Roads of Industry in that idle manner too many are, I soon spent a small Patrimony; and being debauch'd by Luxury, I fell into the narrow Mind to dread no Infamy like Poverty——which made me guilty, as that Paper tells you ——and had I not writ to you, I am sure I never could have told you of it.

Tru. It is an ingenious, pious Penitence in you —— my Lord *Hardy* —— (to whom this Secret is inestimable) is a noble-natur'd Man——and you shall find him such —— I give you my Word ——

Cab. I know, Sir, your Integrity——

Tru. But pray be there —— all that you have to do is to ask for the Gentlewoman at the House at my Lord *Hardy's* —— she'll take care of you —— And pray have Patience, where she places you, 'till you see me. ——
[Exit *Cab.*] My Lord *Hardy's* being an House where they receive Lodgers, has allow'd me convenience to place every Body I think necessary to be by at her Discovery —— This prodigious welcome Secret! I see how-ever impracticable honest Actions may appear, we may go on with just Hope.

All that is Ours, is to be justly bent,

And Heav'n in its own Cause will bless th'Event.

[Exit.]

Enter Trim and his Party.

Trim. March up, March up —— Now we are near the Cittadel —— and I halt only to give the necessary Orders for the Engagement —— Ha! *Clump, Clump,* —— When we come to Lord *Brumpton's* Door, and

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you

you see us conveniently dispos'd about the House — you are to wait 'till you see a Corps brought out of the House — then to go up to him you observe the Director, and ask importunately for an Alms to a poor Soldier — for which you may be sure you shall have a good Blow or two — but if you have not, be Sawcy 'till you have — Then when you see a File of Men got between the House and the Body — A File of Men, *Emmpkin*, is six Men — I say, when you see the File in such a Posture, that half the File may face to the House, half to the Body — you are to fall down, crying Murder, that the half File fac'd to the Body may throw it and themselves over you — I then March to your Rescue — Then, *Swagger*, you and your Party fall in to secure my Rear, while I march off with the Body — These are the Orders — and this, with a little Improvement of my own, is the same Disposition *Villeroÿ* and *Catinat* made at *Chiari*.

[Marches off with his Party.]

Enter Widow in deep Mourning, with a dead Squirrel on her Arm, and Tattleaid.

Wid. It must be so — It must be your Carelessness — What had the Page to do in my Bed-chamber?

Tat. Indeed, Madam, I can't tell — But I came in and catch'd him wringing round his Neck —

Wid. Tell the Rascal from me — he shall romp with the Footmen no more — No — I'll send the Rogue in a Frock to learn *Latin* among the dirty Boys that come to good — I will — But 'tis ever so among these Creatures that live on one's superfluous Affections; a Lady's Woman, Page and Squirrel are always Rivals.

Poor harmless Animal — Pretty ev'n in Death — Death might have over-look'd thy little Life — How could'st thou, *Robin*, leave thy Nuts and me? How was't, import'nate Dearest, thou should'st die?

Thou

Thou never did'st invade thy Neighbour's Soils :
Never mad'st War with specious Shews of Peace:
Thou never hast depopulated Regions,
But chearfully didst bear thy little Chain,
Content — So I but fed thee with this Hand.

Tat. Alas, alas ! we are all Mortal: Consider, Ma-
dam, my Lord's dead too. [Weeps.]

Wid. Ay, but our Animal Friends do wholly die; an
Husband or Relation, after Death, is rewarded or tor-
mented — That's some Consolation — I know her
Tears are false, for she hated *Robin* always — [aside.]
— But she's a well-bred dishonest Servant, that ne-
ver speaks a painful Truth — But I'll resolve to con-
quer my Affliction — Never speak more of *Robin* —
Hide him there — But to my Dress — How soberly
magnificent is Black — And the Train — I wonder
how Widows came to wear such long Tails !

Tat. Why, Madam, the stateliest of all Creatures
has the longest Tail, the Peacock, nay 'thas of all
Creatures the finest Mein too — except your Lady-
ship, who are a Phenix —

Wid. Ho ! Brave *Tattleaid* — But did not you ob-
serve what a whining my Lady *Sly* made, when she
had drank a little ? Did you believe her ? Do you think
there are really People sorry for their Husbands ?

Tat. Really, Madam, some Men do leave their For-
tunes in such Distraction, that I believe it may be —

[Speaks with Pins in her Mouth.]

Wid. But I swear I wonder how it came up to dress
us thus — I protest, when all my Equipage is ready,
and I move in full Pageantry, I shall fancy my self
an Embassadress from the Commonwealth of Wo-
men, the distressed State of *Amazonia* — to treat for
Men — But I protest I wonder how two of us thus
clad can meet with a grave Face — Methinks they
should laugh out like two Fortune-tellers, or two op-
ponent Lawyers that know each other for Cheats —

Tat. "Ha! ha! ha! I swear to you, Madam, your Ladyship's Wit will choak me one time or other — I had like to have swallow'd all the Pins in my Mouth—

Wid. But, *Tatty*, to keep House six Weeks, that's another barbarous Custom; but the Reason of it, I suppose, was that the base People should not see People of Quality may be as afflicted as themselves—

Tat. No; 'tis because they should not see 'em as merry as themselves.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! Hussy, you never said that you spoke last—why 'tis just—'tis Satyr—I'm sure you saw it in my Face, that I was going to say it—'twas too good for you—Come, lay down that Sentence and the Pin-cushion, and pin up my Shoulder—Harkce, Hussy, if you shou'd, as I hope you won't, out-live me, take care I an't buried in Flannel, 'twould never become me, I'm sure—That they can be as merry: Well, I'll tell my new Acquaintance—What's her Name?—She that reads so much, and writes Verses—Her Husband was deaf the first Quarter of a Year—I forget her Name—That Expression she'll like—Well, that Woman does divert me strangely—I'll be very great with her—She talk'd very learnedly of the Ridicule, 'till she was ridiculous—then she spoke of the Decent—of the Agreeable—of the Insensible—she designs to Print the Discourse—But of all things I like her Notion of the Insensible.

Tat. Pray, Madam, how was that?

Wid. A most useful Discourse to be inculcated in our Teens—the Purpose of it is to disguise our Apprehension in this ill-bred Generation of Men, who speak before Women what they ought not to hear—As now suppose you were a Spark in my Company, and you spoke some double Entendre—I look thus! But be a Fellow, and you shall see how I'll use you—The Insensible is useful upon any occasion, where we seem-

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ingly neglect, and secretly approve, which is our ordinary common Case—— Now suppose a Coxcomb dancing, prating and playing his Tricks before me to move me——without Pleasure or Dislike in my Countenance I look at him——just thus——but——Ha! ha! ha! I have found out a Supplement to this Notion of the Insensible, for my own use, which is infallible, and that is to have always in my Head all that they can say or do to me——so never be surpriz'd with Laughter, the occasion of which is always sudden——

Tat. Oh, my Lady *Brumpton* [*Tattleaid bows and cringes*] my Lady——your most obedient Servant——

Wid. Look you, Wench, you see by the Art of Insensibility I put you out of Countenance, tho' you were prepar'd for an ill Reception——

Tat. Oh! Madam——how justly are you form'd for what is now fall'n to you, the Empire of Mankind——

Wid. O Sir, that puts me out of all my Insensibility at once——that was so gallant——Ha! what Noise is that——that noise of Fighting——Run, I say——Whither are you going——What are you mad——Will you leave me alone——Can't you stir——What you can't take your Message with you——What ever 'tis, I suppose you 'are not in the Plot; not you——Nor that now they're breaking open my House for *Sharlot*——Not you——Go see what's the matter I say, I have no Body I can trust——One [*Exit Tattleaid*] minute I think this Wench honest, and the next false——Whither shall I turn me?

Tat. Madam——Madam.

[*Re-entring.*]

Wid. Madam, Madam, will you swallow me gaping——

Tat. Pray, good my Lady, be not so out of Humour——But there is a Company of Rogues have set upon our Servants and the Burial Man's, while others ran away with the Corps——

The FUNERAL: Or,

Wid. How! what can this mean? What can they do with it— Well, 'twill save the Charge of Interment— But to what end?

Enter Trusty, and a Servant bloody and dirty, haling in Clump and Bumpkin.

Ser. I'll teach you better Manners— I'll poor Soldier you— You Dog you, I will— Madam, here are two of the Rascals that were in the Gang of Rogues that carried away the Corps—

Wid. We'll examine 'em apart— Well, Sirrah, what are you? Whence came you? What's your Name? Sirrah. [*Clump makes Signs as a dumb Man.*]

Ser. O you Dog, you could speak loud enough just now, Sirrah, when your Brother Rogues maul'd Mr. Sable— we'll make you speak, Sirrah—

Wid. Bring the other Fellow hither— I suppose you will own you knew that Man before you saw him at my Door?

Clump. I think I have seen the Gentleman's Face. [*Bowing to Bumpkin.*]

Wid. The Gentleman's! the Villain mocks me— But Friend, you look like an honest Man, what are you? whence come you? What are you, Friend?

Bump. I've at present but a private Gentleman, but I was list'd to be a Serjeant in my Lord Hardy's Company— I've not asham'd of my Name, nor of my Koptin—

Wid. Leave the Room all.

[*Exeunt all but Trusty and Tattleaid.*]

Mr. Trusty.— Lord Hardy! O that Impious young Man— thus, with the sacrilegious Hands of Ruffians to divert his Father's Ashes from their Urn, and Rest— I suspect this Fellow [*aside.*] *Mr. Trusty,* I must desire you to be still near me— I'll know the bottom of this, and to Lord Hardy's Lodgings as I am, instantly— 'Tis but the backside of this Street, I think—

Let

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Let a Coach be call'd—*Tattleaid*, as soon as I am gone—Conduct my Brother and his Friends to Lady *Sharlot*, away with her—Bring *Madamoiselle* away to me—that she may not be a Witness—Come, good Mr. *Trusty*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lord Hardy leading Harriot; Campley and Trim.

L. Ha. Why then I find this Mr. *Trim* is a perfect General—But I'll assure you, Sir, I'll never allow you an Hero, who could leave your Mistress behind you; you should have broke the House down, but you should have brought *Madamoiselle* with you—

Trim. No really, Madam, I have seen such strange Fears come into the Mens Heads, and such strange Resolutions into the Womens, upon the occasion of Ladies following a Camp, that I thought it more discreet to leave her behind me—my Success will naturally touch her as much as if she were here—

L. Ha. A good Intelligent arch Fellow this [aside.] But were not you saying, my Lord, you believ'd Lady *Brumpton* would follow hither—if so, pray let me be gone—

Ld. H. No, Madam; I must beseech your Ladyship to stay, for there are things alledg'd against her which you, who have liv'd in the Family, may, perhaps, give light into, and which I can't believe even she could be guilty of.

L. Ha. Nay, my Lord, that's generous to a Folly, for even for her Usage of you (without regard to my self) I am ready to believe she would do any thing that can come into the Head of a close, malicious, cruel, designing Woman—

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lady *Brumpton's* below—

L. Ha. I'll run then—

Cam. No, no, stand your Ground; you a Soldier's Wife? Come, we'll Raily her to Death—

Ld. H.

Ld. H. Prithee entertain her a little, while I go in for a Moment's Thought on this Occasion. [*Exit.*]

L. Ha. She has more Wit than us both—

Cam. Pshaw, no matter for that— Be sure as soon as the Sentence is out of my Mouth to clap in with something else — and laugh at all I say; I'll be grateful, and burst my self at my pretty witty Wife— We'll fall in slap upon her, — she shan't have time to say a word of the running away.

Enter Lady Brumpton and Trusty.

O, my Lady *Brumpton*, your Ladyship's most obedient Servant : This is my Lady *Harriot Campley*— Why, Madam, your Ladyship is immediately in your Mourning— Nay, as you have more Wit than any Body, so (what seldom Wits have) you have more Prudence too — Other Widows have nothing in a readiness but a second Husband— But you, I see, had your very Weeds and Dress lying by you —

L. Ha. Ay, Madam; I see your Ladyship is of the Order of Widowhood, for you have put on the Habit —

Wid. I see your Ladyship is not of the Profession of Virginity, for you have lost the Look on't —

Cam. You are in the Habit — That was so pretty, nay, without Flattery, Lady *Harriot*, you have a great deal of Wit, ha! ha! ha!

L. Ha. No, my Lady *Brumpton* here is the Woman of Wit; but, indeed, she has but little enough, considering how much her Ladyship has to defend. Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. I am sorry, Madam, your Ladyship has not what's sufficient for your Occasions, or that this pretty Gentleman can't supply 'em —

[*Campley dancing about and trolling.*]

Hey day! I find, Sir, your Heels are a great help to your Head — They relieve your Wit, I see; and I don't

don't question but e'er now they have been as kind to your Valour: Ha! ha!

Cam. Pox, I can say nothing, 'tis always thus with your Endeavourers to be witty [*aside.*] I saw, Madam, your Mouth go, but there could be nothing offer'd in Answer to what my Lady Harriot said — 'Twas home — 'Twas cutting Satyr. —

L. Ha. Oh, Mr. *Campley*? But pray, Madam, has Mr. *Cabinet* visited your Ladyship since this Calamity — How stands that Affair now? —

Wid. Nay, Nadam, if you already want Instructions — I'll acquaint you how the World stands if you are in Distress — but I fear Mr. *Campley* over-hears us —

Cam. And all the Tune the Pipers play'd, was Toll-toll-dorol — I swear, Lady Harriot, were I not already yours, I could have a Tender for this Lady.

Wid. Come, good Folks, I find we are very free with each other — What makes you two here? Do you Board my Lord, or he you? Come, come, ten Shillings a Head will go a great way in a Family — What do you say, Mrs. *Campley*, is it so? Does your Ladyship go to Market your self — Nay, you're in the right of it — Come — can you imagine what makes my Lord stay — He is not now with his Land-Seward — not signing Leases I hope; Ha! ha! ha!

Cam. Hang her, to have more Tongue than a Man and his Wife too — [*Aside.*

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. H. Because your Ladyship is, I know, in very much Pain in Company you have injur'd — I'll be short — Open those Doors — there lies your Husband's my Father's Body — and by you stands the Man accuses you of Poisoning him —

Wid. Of Poisoning him! —

Tru. The Symptoms will appear upon the Corps

Ld. H.

Ld. H. But I am seiz'd by Nature — How shall I
view a breathless Lump of Clay — Him, whose high
Veins convey'd to me this vital Force, and Motion.
I cannot bear that Sight —
I am as fix'd and motionless as he —

[They open the Coffin, out of which jumps Lady Sharlot.
Art thou the gaitly Shape my Mind had form'd!
Art thou the cold Inanimate — Bright Maid!
Thou giv'st new higher Life to all around.
Whither does Fancy, fir'd with Love, convey me!
Whither transported by my pleasing Fury!
The Season vanishes at thy Approach;
'Tis Morn, 'tis Spring —
Daisies and Lillies strow thy flowr'y Way.
Why is my Fair unmov'd — My Heav'nly Fair;
Does she but smile at my exalted Rapture?

L. Sh. Oh! Sense of Praise to me unfelt before,
Speak on, speak on, and charm my attentive Ear:
How sweet Applause is from an honest Tongue.
Thou lov'st my Mind — Hast well Affection plac'd;
In what, nor Time, nor Age, nor Care, nor Want can
alter —

Oh how I Joy in thee — My eternal Lover;
Immutable as the Object of thy Flame!
I love, I'm proud, I triumph that I love,
Pure, I approach thee — Nor did I with empty Shows,
Gorgeous Attire, or studied Negligence,
Or Song, or Dance, or Ball, allure thy Soul;
Nor want, or fear, such Arts to keep, or lose it:
Nor now with fond Reluctance doubt to enter
My spacious, bright Abode, this gallant Heart.

[Reclines on Hardy.

L. Ha. Ay marry — these are high doings indeed,
the greatness of the Occasion has burst their Passion
into Speech — Why, Mr. *Campley*, when we are near
these fine Folks, you and I are but meer Sweet-hearts —

I protest — I'll never be won so; you shall begin again with me.

Cam. Prithee, why dost name us, poor Animals! They have forgot there are any such Creatures as their old Acquaintance *Tom* and *Harriot*.

Ld. H. So we did indeed, but you'll pardon us.

Cam. My Lord, I never thought to see the Minute wherein I should rejoice at your forgetting me, but now I do heartily. [*Embracing.*]

L. Sh. Harriot.
L. Ha. Sharlot. } *Embracing.*

Wid. Sir, You're at the bottom of all this — I see you're skill'd at close Conveyances — I'll know the Meaning instantly of these Intricacies, 'tis not your seeming Honesty and Gravity shall save you from your Deserts — My Husband's Death was sudden — You and the Burial Fellow were observ'd very familiar — Produce my Husband's Body — or I'll try you for his Murder; which I find you'd put on me, thou hellish Engine!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I could answer you, but I scorn to reproach People in Misery — you're undone — Madam —

Wid. What does the Dotard mean? Produce the Body, Villain, or the Law shall have thine for it — [*Trusty Exit hastily.*] Do you design to let the Villain escape? How justly did your Father judge, that made you a Beggar with that Spirit — You meant just now you could not bear the Company of those you'd injur'd.

Ld. H. You are a Woman, Madam, and my Father's Widow — But sure you think you've highly injur'd me.

[*Here my Lord and Trusty half enter and observe.*]

Wid. No, Sir, I have not, will not, injure you — I must obey the Will of my Deceas'd Lord to a Title — I must justly pay Legacies. Your Father, in
con-

consideration that you were his Blood, would not wholly Alienate you—He left you, Sir, this Shilling, with which Estate you now are Earl of *Brumpton*—

Ld. H. Insolent Woman—It was not me my good Father disinherited, 'twas him you represented. The Guilt was thine, he did an Act of Justice.

Lord Brumpton entering with Trusty.

Ld. B. Oh unparallel'd Goodness!

Tattleaid and Madamoiselle at the other Door entring.

Tru. Oh *Tattleaid*—His and our Hour is come.

Wid. What do I see, my Lord, my Master, Husband living!

Ld. B. [*Turning from her, running to his Son.*] Oh my Boy, my Son—*Mr. Campley—Sharlot—Harriot—*[*All Kneeling to him*] O my Children—Oh, oh! These Passions are too strong for my old Frame—Oh the sweet Torture! my Son, my Son! I shall expire in the too mighty Pleasure! my Boy!

Ld. H. A Son, an Heir, a Bridegroom in one Hour! Oh! grant me, Heav'n, grant me Moderation!

Wid. A Son, an Heir! Am I neglected then? What? can my Lord revive, yet dead to me? Only to me deceas'd—to me alone, Deaf to my Sighs, and senseless to my Moan?

Ld. B. 'Tis so long since I have seen Plays, good Madam, that I know not whence thou dost repeat, nor can I answer.

Wid. You can remember tho' a certain Settlement, in which I am thy Son and Heir—great Noble, that I suppose not taken from a Play, that's as irrevocable as Law can make it, that if you scorn me—your Death and Life are equal—Or I'll still wear my Mourning 'cause you're living.

Tru. Value her not, my Lord, a prior Obligation made you incapable, of settling on her your Wife.

Ld. B.

Ld. B. Thy Kindness, *Trusty*, does distract thee—
I would indeed disengage my self by any honest
Means, but, alas, I know no prior Gift that avoids
this to her—Oh my Child!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I'll come again immediately—Be not troubled, my dear Lords— [Exit.

Cam. *Trusty* looks very confident, there is some good in that.

Re-enter Trusty with Cabinet.

Cab. What, my Lord *Brumpton* living? nay then—

Tru. Hold, Sir, you must not stir, nor can you, Sir, retract this for your Hand-writing—My Lord, this Gentleman, since your suppos'd Death, has lurk'd about the House to speak with my Lady, or *Tattleaid*, who upon your Decease have shun'd him, in hopes, I suppose, to buy him off for ever—Now as he was prying about, he peep'd into your Closet—where he saw your Lordship reading—struck with Horror, and believing himself (as well he might) the Disturber of your Ghost for Alienation of your Fortune from your Family—he writ me this Letter, wherein he acknowledges a private Marriage with this Lady, half a Year before you ever saw her.

All. How!

[All turn upon her disdainfully—

Wid. No more a Widow then, but still a Wife,

[Recovering from her Confusion.

I am thy Wife—thou Author of my Evil.

Thou must partake with me an homely Board,

An homely Board that never shall be chearful;

But ev'ry Meal embitter'd with Upbraidings.

Thou that could'st tell me, Good and Ill were Words,

When thou could'st basely lett me to another,

Yet could'st see Sprights, great Unbeliever!

Coward! Bugg-bear'd Penitent—

Stranger henceforth to all my Joys, my Joys,

To

To thy Dishonour; despicable Thing,
Dishonour thee? Thou voluntary Cuckold.

[Cabinet *sneaks off*, Widow *flings after him*, Tat-
tleaid *following*.

Ld. B. I see you're all confus'd as well as I—Ye are my Children—I hold you all so. And for your own use will speak plainly to you, I cannot hate that Woman: Nor shall she ever want. 'Tho' I scorn to bear her Injuries—yet had I ne'er been rous'd from that low Passion to a worthless Creature—but by disclaim of her Attempt on my Friend's Child. I am glad that Scorn's confirm'd by her being that Fellow's—whom for my own sake I only will condemn. Thee, *Trusty*, how shall we prosecute with equal Praise and Thanks for this great Revolution in our House?

Tru. Never to speak on't more, my Lord.

Ld. B. You are now, Gentlemen, going into Cares at a Crisis in your Country.

And on this great Occasion *Tom*—I'll mount

Old *Campley* which thy Father gave me,

And attend thee, a chearful gay old Man,

Into the Field to represent our County.

My rough *Plebeian Britains*, not yet Slaves

To *France*, shall mount thy Father's Son

Upon their Shoulders. Eccho loud their Joy —

While I and *Trusty* follow weeping after:

But be thou honest, firm, impartial,

Let neither Love, nor Hate, nor Faction move thee,

Distinguish Words from Things, and Men from Crimes;

Punctual be thou in Payments, nor basely

Screen thy Faults 'gainst Law, behind the

Laws thou makest—

But Thou against my Death, must learn a supererogatory Morality.

[*To Lord Hardy.*

As he is to be just, be generous thou:

Nor let thy reasonable Soul be struck

With

With Sounds and Appellations, Title is
 No more, if not significant
 Of something that's Superior in thy self
 To other Men, of which thou may'st be
 Conscious, yet not proud——But if you swerve
 From higher Virtue than the Crowd possess,
 Know they that call thee Honourable, mock thee.
 You are to be a Peer, by Birth a Judge
 Upon your Honour of others Lives and Fortunes;
 Because that Honour's dearer than your own.
 Be good, my Son, and be a worthy Lord:
 For when our shining Virtues bless Mankind,
 We disappoint the livid Malecontents,
 Who long to call our noble Order useless.
 Our All's in Danger, Sir, nor shall you dally
 Your Youth away with your fine Wives.
 No, in your Country's Cause you shall meet Death;
 While feeble we with Minds resign'd do wait it.
 Not but I intend your Nuptials as soon as possible, to
 draw Intails and Settlements. How necessary such
 things are, I had like to have been a fatal Instance.

Cam. But, my Lord, here are a Couple that need
 not wait such Ceremonies. Please but to sit: You've
 been extremely mov'd, and must be tir'd. You say
 we must not spend our time in Dalliance; you'll see,
 my Lord, the Entertainment reminds us also of no-
 bler Things, and what I design'd for my own Wed-
 ding, I'll compliment the General with. The Bride
 dances finely——*Trim*, will you dance with her?

Trim. I will, but I can't——There's a Country-man
 of hers without, by Accident.

Cam. Ay, but is he a Dancer?

Trim. Is a *Frenchman* a Dancer? Is a *Welshman* a
 Gentleman? I'll bring him in——

[Here a Dance, and the following Songs.

Set

*Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell.**Sung by Femie Bowin.*

I.

ON yonder Bed supinely laid,
 Behold thy lov'd expecting Maid:
 In Tremor, Blushes, half in Tears,
 Much, much she wishes, more she fears.
 Take, take her to thy faithful Arms,
 Hymen bestows thee all her Charms.

II.

Heav'n to thee bequeaths the Fair,
 To raise thy Joy, and lull thy Care;
 Heav'n made Grief, if mutual, cease,
 But Joy, divided, to encrease:
 To mourn with her exceeds Delight,
 Darkness with her, the Joys of Light.

Sung by Mr. Pate.

I.

ARise, arise, great Dead, for Arms renown'd,
 Rise from your Urns, and save your dying Story,
 Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion drown'd,
 For Mighty William seizes all your Glory.

II.

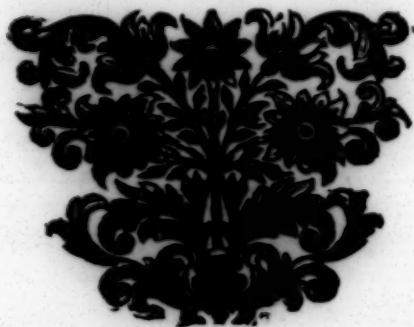
Again the British Trumpet sounds,
 Again Britannia bleeds;
 To glorious Death, or comely Wounds,
 Her Godlike Monarch leads.

III.

*Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,
Celestial Minds from Clay untie,
Let coward Spirits dwell below,
And only give the Brave to die.*

Ld. B. Now, Gentlemen, let the Miseries which I have but miraculously escap'd, admonish you to have always Inclinations proper for the Stage of Life you're in. Don't follow Love when Nature seeks but Ease: Otherwise you'll fall into a Lethargy of your Dishonour, when warm Pursuits of Glory are over with you; for Fame and Rest are utter Opposites.

You who the Path of Honour make your Guide,
Must let your Passion, with your Blood subside;
And no untim'd Ambition, Love, or Rage
Employ the Moments of declining Age:
Else Boys will in your Presence lose their Fear,
And laugh at the Grey-head they should revere.



EPILOGUE,

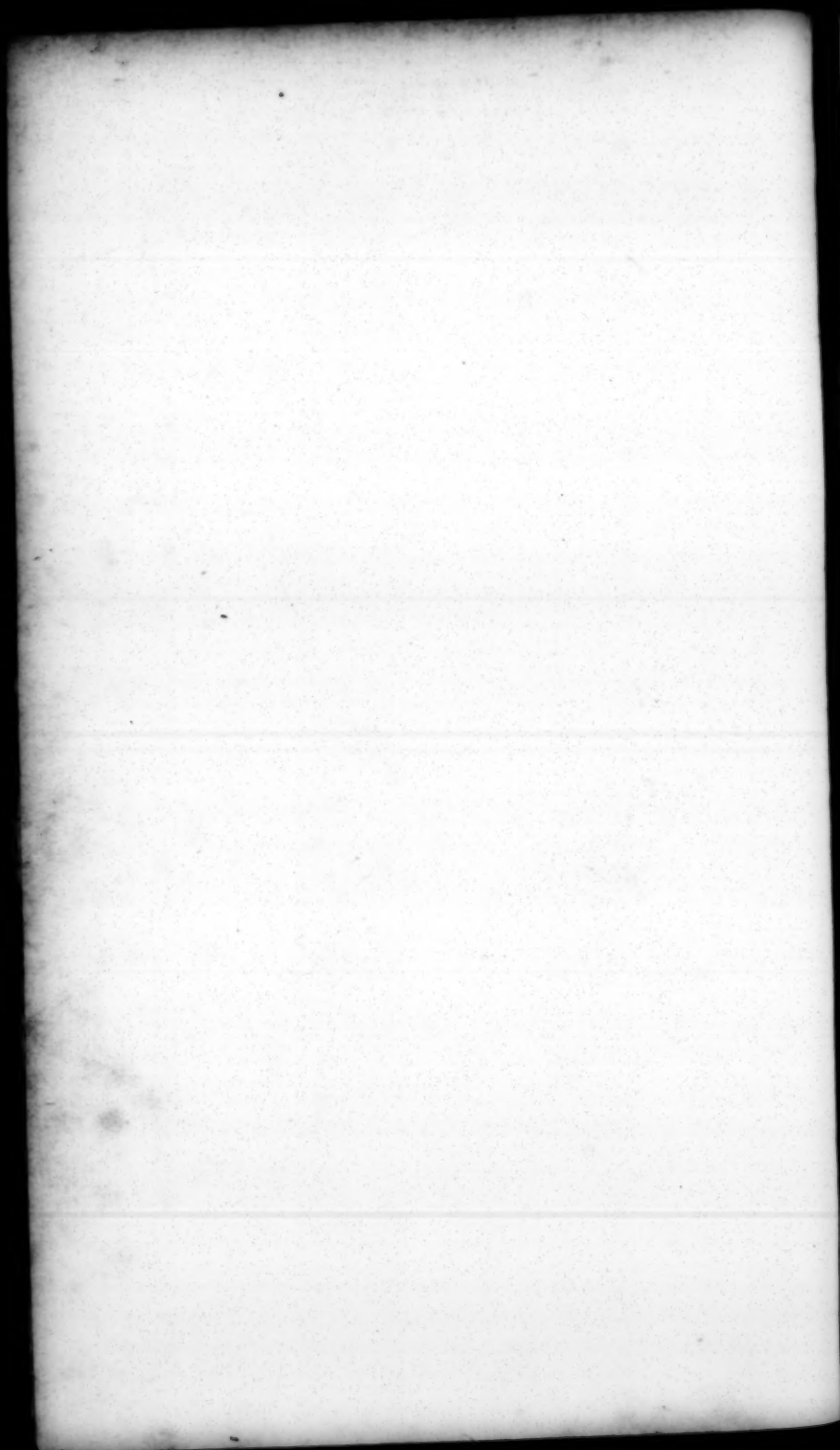
Spoken by Lord *Hardy*.

LOVE, Hope and Fear, Desire, Aversion, Rage,
All that can move the Soul, or can assuage,
Are drawn in Miniature of Life, the Stage. }
Here you can View your Selves, and here is shown
To what you're born in Sufferings not your own.
The Stage to Wisdom's no Fantastick Way,
Athens her self learn'd Virtue at a Play.
Our Author me to-Night a Soldier drew,
But faintly writ, what warmly you pursue:
To his great Purpose, had he equal Fire,
He'd not aim to please only, but inspire;
He'd sing what hovering Fate attends our Isle,
And from base Pleasure rouse to glorious Toil:
Full time the Earth i' a new Decision brings;
While William gives the Roman Eagle Wings:
With Arts and Arms shall Britain tamely end,
Which naked Picts so bravely could defend?
The painted Heroes on th' Invaders press,
And think their Wounds Addition to their Dress;
In younger Years we've been with Conquest blest,
And Paris has the British Yoke confess'd;
Is't then in England, in lost England, known,
Her Kings are nam'd from a revolted Throne?
But we offend—You no Examples need,
In Imitation of your selves proceed;

EPILOGUE.

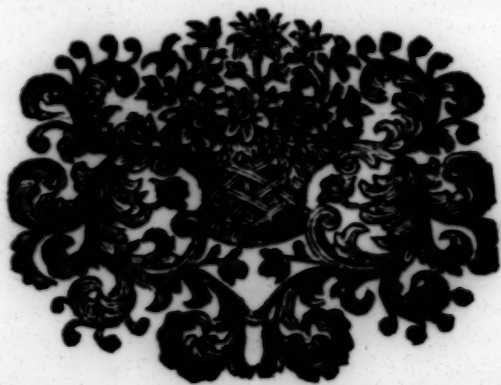
'Tis you your Country's Honour must secure,
Be all your Actions worthy of Namur:
With gentle Fires your Gallantry improve,
Courage is Brutal, if untouch'd with Love:
If soon our utmost Bravery's not display'd,
Think that bright Circle must be Captives made.
Let Thoughts of saving them our Toils beguile,
And they reward our Labours with a Smile.



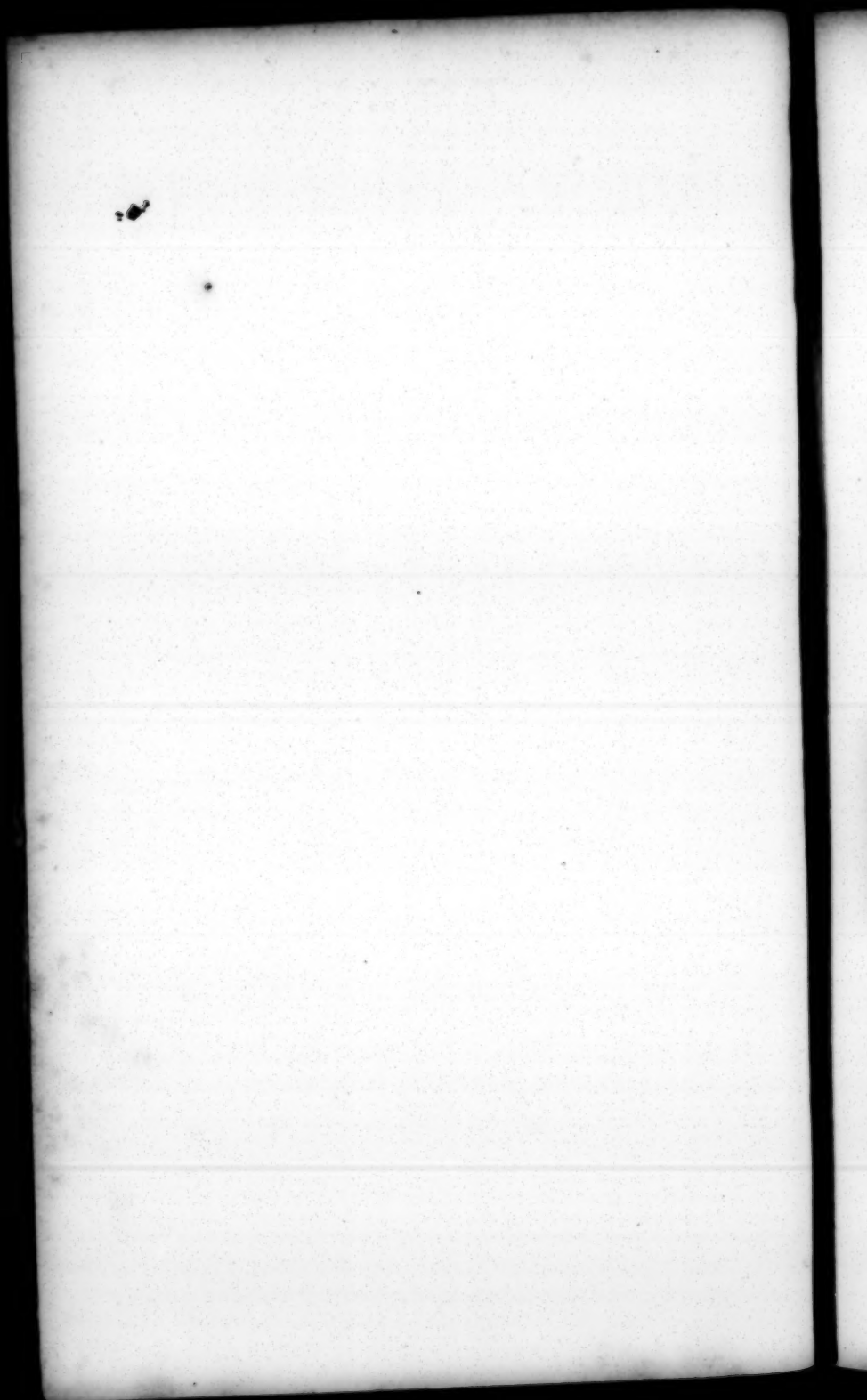


THE
Tender Husband;
OR, THE
Accomplish'd Fools.
A
COMEDY.

*Oportet ut is qui Audiat Cogitet plura quam
Videat.* Tull. de Oratore.



Printed in the YEAR 1712.



T O

Mr. *ADDISON*.

S I R,



YOU'll be surpriz'd, in the midst of a daily and familiar Conversation, with an Address which bears so distant an Air as a publick Dedication: But to put You out of the Pain which I know this will give You, I assure You I do not design

E 2

in

DEDICATION.

in it, what would be very needless, a Panegyrick on Your Self, or what perhaps is very necessary, a Defence of the Play. In the one I should discover too much the Concern of an Author, in the other too little the Freedom of a Friend.

My Purpose, in this Application, is only to show the Esteem I have for You, and that I look upon my Intimacy with You as one of the most valuable Enjoyments of my Life. At the same time, I hope I make the Town no ill Compliment for their kind Acceptance of this Comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far rais'd my Opinion of it, as to make me
think

DEDICATION.

think it no improper Memorial of
an Inviolable Friendship.

I should not offer it to You as
such, had I not been very careful
to avoid every thing that might
look Ill-natur'd, Immoral, or pre-
judicial to what the Better Part of
Mankind hold Sacred and Honou-
rable.

Poetry, under such Restraints,
is an obliging Service to Human
Society ; especially when 'tis us'd,
like Your Admirable Vein, to
recommend more useful Qualities
in Your self, or Immortalize Cha-
racters truly Heroick in others.
I am, here, in danger of break-
ing my Promise to You, there-

DEDICATION.

fore shall take the only Opportunity that can offer it self of resisting my own Inclinations, by complying with Yours. I am,

S I R,

Your most Faithful,

Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

P R O-

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *ADDISON*,

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

I*N the first Rise and Infancy of Farce,
When Fools were many, and when Plays were scarce,
The Raw unpractis'd Authors could, with Ease,
A young and unexperienc'd Audience please :
No single Character had e'er been shown,
But the whole Herd of Fops was all their Own ;
Rich in Originals, they set to View,
In ev'ry Piece, a Coxcomb that was new.*

*But now Our British Theatre can boast
Droles of all kinds, a vast Unthinking Host !
Fruitful of Folly and of Vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and Citts, and Bawds, and Pimps, and Beaux ;
Rough-Country Knights are found of ev'ry Shire,
Of ev'ry Fashion gentle Fops appear ;
And Punks of diff'rent Characters we meet,
As frequent on the Stage as in the Pit :
Our Modern Wits are fore'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by Chance glean up a Fool :
Long e'er they find the necessary Spark,
They search the Town, and beat about the Park :
To all his most frequented Haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the Ring, and oft to Court ;
As Love of Pleasure, or of Place invites :
And sometimes catch him taking Snuff at White's.*

PROLOGUE.

*Howe'er, to do you Right, the present Age
Breed's very hopeful Monsters for the Stage ;
That scorn the Paths their dull Forefathers trod,
And won't be Blockheads in the Common Road.
Do but survey this Crowded House to Night :
— Here's still Encouragement for those that Write.*

*Our Author, to divert his Friends to-Day,
Stock's with Variety of Fools his Play ;
And that there may be something Gay, and New,
Two Ladies Errant has expos'd to View :
The First a Damsel, travell'd in Romance ;
The t'other more refin'd ; she come's from France :
Rescue, like Courteous Knights, the Nymph from Danger ;
And kindly Treat, like Well-bred Men, the Stranger.*



A
S O N G

Design'd for the Fourth ACT,
but not Set.

I.

SEE, Britons, *see with awful Eyes,*
 Britannia from her Seas arise!
Ten Thousand Billows round me roar,
 While Winds and Waves engage,
That break in Froth upon my Shoar,
 And impotently Rage.
Such were the Terrors, which of late
 Surrounded my afflicted State;
United Fury thus was bent
 On my devoted Seats,
Till all the mighty Force was spent
 In feeble Swells, and empty Threats.

II.

But now with rising Glory crown'd,
My Joys run high, they know no Bound;
 Tides of warmly Pleasure flow
 Through ev'ry swelling Vein,

*New Raptures in my Bosom glow,
 And warm me up to Youth again.
 Passing Poms my Streets adorn;
 Captive Spoils, in Triumph born,
 Standards of Gauls, in Fight subdu'd,
 Colours in Hostile Blood embu'd,
 Ensigns of Tyrannic Might,
 Foes to Equity and Right,
 In Courts of British Justice wave on high,
 Sacred to Law, and Liberty.
 My crowded Theatres repeat,
 In Songs of Triumph, the Defeat.
 Did ever joyful Mother see
 So bright, so brave a Progeny!
 Daughters with so much Beauty crown'd,
 Or Sons for Valour so renown'd!*

III.

*But oh I gaze, and seek in vain
 To find amidst this warlike Train
 My absent Sons, that us'd to Grace
 With decent Pride this joyous Place:
 Unhappy Youths! how do my Sorrows rise,
 Swell my Breast, and melt my Eyes,
 While I your mighty Loss deplore?
 Wild, and raging with Distress,
 I mourn, I mourn my own Success,
 And boast my Victories no more.
 Unhappy Youth: ! far from their native Sky,
 On Danube's Banks enterr'd they lye.*

Germa-

Germania, give me back my Slain,
Give me my slaughter'd Sons again.
Was it for this they rang'd so far,
To free thee from oppressive War?
Germania, &c.

IV.

*Tears of Sorrow while I shed
O'er the Manes of my Dead,
Lasting Altars let me raise
To my living Heroes Praise;
Heav'n give them a longer Stay,
As glorious Actions to display,
Or perish on as great a Day.*



Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR *Harry Gubbin,*
Humphry Gubbin,
Mr. Tipkin,
Clerimont Sen.
Capt. Clerimont,
Mr. Pounce,

Mr. Bullock.
Mr. Pinkethman.
Mr. Norris.
Mr. Mills.
Mr. Wilks..
Mr. Estcourt.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Clerimont,
Aunt,
Neice,
Fainlove,
Jenny, Maid to }
Mrs. Clerimont,

Mrs. Cross.
Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Oldfeild.
Mrs. Kent.
Mrs. Sapsford.

T H E



THE
Tender Husband;
OR, THE
Accomplish'd Fools.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Clerimont Sen. and Fainlove.

CLERIMONT Sen.



ELL, Mr. *Fainlove*, how do you go on in your Amour with my Wife?

Fain. I am very civil and very distant; if she smiles or speaks, I bow and gaze at her—Then throw down my Eyes, as if oppress'd by fear of Offence, then steal a Look again 'till she again sees me—This is my general Method.

Cler. Sen.

Cler.Sen. And 'tis right—For such a fine Lady has no Guard to her Virtue, but her Pride; therefore you must constantly apply your self to that: But, dear *Lucy*, as you have been a very faithful, but a very costly Wench to me, so my Spouse also has been constant to my Bed, but careless of my Fortune.

Fain. Ah! my Dear, how could you leave your poor *Lucy*, and run into *France* to see Sights, and show your Gallantry with a Wife? Was not that unnatural?

Cler.Sen. She brought me a noble Fortune, and I thought she had a right to share it: Therefore carried her to see the World, forsooth, and make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, where she learn'd to lose her Money gracefully, to admire every Vanity in our Sex, and condemn every Virtue in her own, which, with ten thousand other Perfections, are the ordinary Improvements of a Travell'd Lady. Now I can neither mortifie her Vanity that I may live at ease with her, or quite discard her, 'till I have catch'd her a little enlarging her Innocent Freedoms, as she calls 'em: For this end I am content to be a *French* Husband, tho' now and then with the secret Pangs of an *Italian* one; and therefore, Sir, or Madam, you are thus equipp'd to attend and accost her Ladyship: It concerns you to be diligent: If we wholly part—I need say no more; if we do not—I'll see thee well provided for.

Fain. I'll do all I can, I warrant you, but you are not to expect I'll go much among the Men.

Cler.Sen. No, no, you must not go near Men, you are only (when my Wife goes to a Play) to sit in a side Box with pretty Fellows—I don't design you to personate a real Man, you are only to be a pretty Gentleman—Not to be of any Use or Consequence in the World, as to your self, but merely as a Property to others; such as you see now and then have

a Life in the Intail of a great Estate, that seem to have come into the World only to be Taggs in the Pedigree of a wealthy House——You must have seen many of that Species.

Fain. I apprehend you, such as stand in Assemblies, with an indolent Softness and Contempt of all 'round 'em; who make a figure in Publick, and are scorn'd in Private; I have seen such a one with a Pocket Glass to see his own Face, and an affected Perspective to know others.

[Imitates each.]

Cler. Sen. Ay, ay, that's my Man——Thou dear Rogue.

Fain. Let me alone——I'll lay my Life I'll horn you, that is, I'll make it appear I might if I could——

Cler. Sen. Ay, that will please me quite as well.

Fain. To show you the Progress I have made, I last Night won of her five Hundred Pounds, which I have brought you safe.

[Giving him Bills.]

Cler. Sen. Oh, the damn'd Vice! That Women can imagine all Household Care, regard to Posterity, and fear of Poverty, must be sacrific'd to a Game at Cards——Suppose she had not had it to pay, and you had been capable of finding your Account another Way——

Fain. That's but a Suppose——

Cler. Sen. I say, she must have complied with every thing you ask'd——

Fain. But she knows you never limit her Expences——I'll gain him from her for ever, if I can——

[aside.]

Cler. Sen. With this you have repaid me two thousand Pound, and if you did not refund thus honestly, I could not have supplied her——We must have parted.

Fain. Then you shall part——If t'other way fails.
[aside.] However, I can't blame your Fondness of her, she has so many entertaining Qualities with her
Vanity

Vanity—Then she has such a pretty unthinking Air, while she saunters round a Room, and prattles Sentences.—

Cler. Sen. That was her Turn from her Infancy, she always had a great Genius for knowing every thing, but what it was necessary she should—The Wits of the Age, the great Beauties, and short-liv'd People of Vogue, were always her Discourse and Imitation—Thus the Case stood when she went to *France*; but her fine Follies improv'd so daily, that tho' I was then proud of her being call'd Mr. *Clerimont's* Wife, I am now as much out of Countenance to hear my self call'd Mrs. *Clerimont's* Husband, so much is the Superiority of her side.

Fain. I am sure if ever I gave my self a little Liberty, I never found you so indulgent.

Cler. Sen. I should have the whole Sex on my Back, should I pretend to retrench a Lady so well visited as mine is—Therefore I must bring it about that it shall appear her own Act, if she reforms; or else I shall be pronounc'd Jealous, and have my Eyes pull'd out for being open—But I hear my Brother *Jack* coming, who, I hope, has brought yours with him—Hist, not a Word.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. I have found him out at last, Brother, and brought you the Obsequious Mr. *Pounce*, I saw him at a distance in a Crowd, whispering in their turns with all about him—He is a Gentleman so received, so courted, and so trusted—

Pounce. I am very glad if you saw any thing like that, if the Approbation of others can recommend me (where I much more desire it) to this Company—

Cler. Oh, the Civil Person—But, Dear *Pounce*, you know I am your profess'd Admirer; I always celebrated you for your excellent Skill and Address, for
that

that happy Knowledge of the World, which makes you seem Born for living with the Persons you are with, where-ever you come——Now, my Brother and I want your help in a Business that requires a little more Dexterity than we our selves are Masters of.

Pounce. You know, Sir, my Character is helping the Distress'd, which I do freely and without reserve; while others are for distinguishing rigidly on the Justice of the Occasion, and so lose the Grace of the Benefit——Now, 'tis my Profession to assist a free-hearted young Fellow against an unnatural long-liv'd Father—to disencumber Men of Pleasure of the Vexation of unwieldy Estates, to support a feeble Title to an Inheritance, to——

Cler. Sen. I have been well acquainted with your Merits, ever since I saw you with so much Compassion prompt a stammering Witness in *Westminster-hall*——that wanted Instruction——I love a Man that can venture his Ears with so much Bravery for his Friend——

Pounce. Dear Sir, spare my Modesty, and let me know to what all this Panegyrick tends.

Cler. Sen. Why, Sir, what I would say is in behalf of my Brother the Captain here, whose Misfortune it is that I was born before him.

Pounce. I am confident he had rather you should have been so than any other Man in *England*.

Cler. You do me Justice, Mr. *Pounce*——But, tho' 'tis to that Gentleman, I am still a younger Brother, and you know we that are so, are generally condemn'd to Shops, Colleges, or Inns of Court.

Pounce. But you, Sir, have escap'd 'em, you have been Trading in the Noble Mart of Glory——

Cler. That's true,——But the General makes such haste to finish the War, that we red Coats may be soon out of Fashion,——and then I am a Fellow of
the

the most easie indolent Disposition in the World! I hate all manner of Business.

Pounce. A compos'd Temper, indeed!

Cler. In such a Case I should have no way of Livelihood, but calling over this Gentleman's Dogs in the Country, drinking his Stale Beer to the Neighbourhood, or marrying a Fortune.

Cler. Sen. To be short, *Pounce*—I am putting *Jack* upon Marriage, and you are so publick an Envoy, or rather Plenipotentiary, from the very different Nations of *Cheapside*, *Covent-Garden*, and *St. James's*; you have too the Mein and Language of each Place so naturally, that you are the properest Instrument I know in the World, to help an honest young Fellow to Favour in one of 'em, by Credit in the other.

Pounce. By what I understand of your many Prefaces, Gentlemen, the purpose of all this is—That it would not in the least discompose this Gentleman's easie indolent Disposition to fall into Twenty thousand Pounds, tho' it came upon him never so suddenly.

Cler. You are a very discerning Man—How could you see so far through me, as to know I love a fine Woman, pretty Equipage, good Company, and a clean Habitation?

Pounce. Well, tho' I am so much a Conjuror—What then?

Cler. Sen. You know a certain Person, into whose Hands you now and then recommend a young Heir, to be reliev'd from the Vexation of Tenants, Taxes, and so forth—

Pounce. What! My worthy Friend and City-Patron *Hezekiah Tipkin*, Banker in *Lombard-Street*, would the Noble Captain lay any Sums in his Hands?

Cler. No—But the Noble Captain would have Treasure out of his Hands—You know his Neice.

Pounce. To my knowledge Ten thousand Pounds in Money.

Cler.

Cler. Such a Stature, such a blooming Countenance, so easie a Shape!

Pounce. In Jewels of her Grandmother's Five thousand—

Cler. Her Wit so lively, her Mein so alluring!

Pounce. In Land a Thousand a Year.

Cler. Her Lips have that certain Prominence, that swelling Softness, that they invite to a Pressure; her Eyes that languish, that they give Pain, tho' they look only inclin'd to Rest—Her whole Person that one Charm—

Pounce. Raptures! Raptures!

Cler. How can it, so insensibly to it self, lead us through Cares it knows not, thro' such a Wilderness of Hopes, Fears, Joys, Sorrows, Desires, Despairs, Extasies and Torments, with so sweet, yet so anxious Vicissitude!

Pounce. Why I thought you had never seen her—

Cler. No more I han't.

Pounce. Who told you then of her inviting Lips, her soft sleepy Eyes—

Cler. You, your self—

Pounce. Sure you rave, I never spoke of her afore to you.

Cler. Why, you won't face me down— Did you not just now say, she had Ten thousand Pounds in Money, five in Jewels, and a Thousand a Year?

Pounce. I confess my own Stupidity and her Charms—Why, if you were to meet, you would certainly please her, you have the cant of Loving; but, pray, may we be free—That young Gentleman—

Cler. A very honest, modest Gentleman of my Acquaintance, one that has much more in him, than he appears to have, you shall know him better, Sir; this is Mr. *Pounce*: Mr. *Pounce*, this is Mr. *Fainlove*; I must desire you to let him be known to you, and your Friends.

Pounce

Pounce. I shall be proud——Well then, since we may be free, you must understand, the young Lady, by being kept from the World, has made a World of her own——She has spent all her Solitude in reading Romances, her Head is full of Shepherds, Knights, Flowery Meads, Groves and Streams; so that if you talk like a Man of this World to her, you do nothing.

Cler. Oh, let me alone—I have been a great Traveller in Fairy-Land my self, I know *Oroondates*, *Cassandra*, *Astraa* and *Clelia* are my intimate Acquaintance.

*Go my Heart's Envoys, tender Sighs make haste,
And with your Breath swell the soft Zephyr's Blast;
Then near that Fair One, if you chance to fly,
Tell her, in Whispers, 'tis for her I die.*

Pounce. That would do, that would do——her very Language.

Cler. Sen. Why then, dear *Pounce*, I know thou art the only Man living that can serve him.

Pounce. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I am soliciting the Marriage Settlement between her and a Country Booby, her Cousin *Humphrey Gubbin*, Sir *Harry's* Heir, who is come to Town to take Possession of her.

Cler. Sen. Well, all that I can say to the Matter is, that a Thousand Pound on the Day of *Jack's* Marriage to her, is more than you'll get by the dispatch of those Deeds.

Pounce. Why, a Thousand Pound is a pretty thing, especially when 'tis to take a Lady fair out of the Hands of an obstinate ill-bred Clown, to give her to a gentle Swain, a dying enamour'd Knight.

Cler. Sen. Ay, dear *Pounce*——consider but that——the Justice of the thing.

Pounce. Besides, he is just come from the Glorious *Blenheim*! Look ye, Captain, I hope you have learn'd an implicit Obedience to your Leaders.

Cler. 'Tis all I know.

Pounce.

Pounce. Then, if I am to Command—make not one step without me—And since we may be free—I am also to acquaint you, there will be more Merit in bringing this Matter to bear than you imagine—Yet right Measures make all things possible.

Cler. We'll follow yours exactly.

Pounce. But the great Matter against us is want of Time, for the Nymph's Uncle, and 'Squire's Father, this Morning met, and made an end of the Matter—But the difficulty of a thing, Captain, shall be no Reason against attempting it.

Cler. I have so great an Opinion of your Conduct, that I warrant you we Conquer all.

Pounce. I am so intimately employ'd by old *Tipkin*, and so necessary to him—that I may, perhaps, puzzle things yet.

Cler. Sen. I have seen thee Cajole the Knave very dexterously.

Pounce. Why, really, Sir, generally speaking, 'tis but knowing what a Man thinks of himself, and giving him that, to make him what else you please—Now *Tipkin* is an absolute *Lombard-Street* Wit, a Fellow that drols on the strength of Fifty thousand Pounds: He is call'd on *Change*, *Sly-Boots*, and by the force of a very good Credit, and very bad Conscience, he is a leading Person: But we must be quick, or he'll sneer old *Sir Harry* out of his Senses, and strike up the Sale of his Neice immediately.

Cler. But my Rival, what's he—

Pounce. There's some hopes there, for I hear the Booby is as averse as his Father is inclin'd to it—One is as Obstinate, as the other Cruel.

Cler. Sen. He is, they say, a pert Blockhead, and very lively out of his Father's sight.

Pounce. He that gave me his Character, call'd him a docile Dunce, a Fellow rather absurd, than a direct Fool—When his Father's absent, he'll pursue any thing
he's

he's put upon—But we must not lose time— Pray be you two Brothers at home to wait for any Notice from me—While that pretty Gentleman and I, whose Face I have known, take a Walk and look about for 'em—So, so—Young Lady— [*Aside to Fainlove.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Harry Gubbin and Tipkin.

Sir Har. Look y', Brother *Tipkin*, as I told you before, my Business in Town is to dispose of an hundred Head of Cattle, and my Son.

Tip. Brother *Gubbin*, as I signified to you in my last, bearing Date *September 13th*, my Neice has a Thousand Pound *per Annum*, and because I have found you a plain-dealing Man (particularly in the case Pad you put into my Hands last Summer) I was willing you should have the Refusal of my Neice, provided that I have a Discharge from all Retrospects while her Guardian, and One thousand Pounds for my Care.

Sir Har. Ay, but Brother, you rate her too high; the War has fetch'd down the Price of Women: The whole Nation is over-run with Petticoats; our Daughters lye upon our Hands, Brother *Tipkin*; Girls are Drugs, Sir, mere Drugs.

Tip. Look y', Sir *Harry*—Let Girls be what they will—a Thousand Pound a Year, is a Thousand Pound a Year; and a Thousand Pound a Year is neither Girl nor Boy.

Sir Har. Look y', Mr. *Tipkin*, the main Article with me is, that Foundation of Wives Rebellion, and Husband's Cuckoldom, that cursed Pin-Mony—Five hundred Pound *per Annum* Pin-Mony.

Tip. The Word Pin-Mony, Sir *Harry*, is a Term—

Sir Har. It is a Term, Brother, we never had in our Family, nor ever will—Make her Jointure in Widowhood accordingly large, but Four hundred Pound a Year is enough to give no account of.

Tip.

Tip. Well, Sir *Harry*, since you can't swallow these Pins, I will abate to Four hundred Pounds.

Sir Har. And to mollifie the Article ——as well as specifie the Uses, we'll put in the Names of several Female Utensils, as Needles, Knitting-Needles, Tape, Thread, Scissors, Bodkins, Fans, Play-Books, with other Toys of that nature: And now, since we have as good as concluded on the Marriage, it will not be improper that the young People see each other.

Tip. I don't think it prudent 'till the very Instant of Marriage, lest they should not like one another.

Sir Har. They shall meet——As for the young Girl, she cannot dislike *Numps*; and for *Numps*, I never suffer'd him to have any thing he lik'd in his Life. He'll be here immediately; he has been train'd up from his Childhood under such a Plant as this in my Hand——I have taken pains in his Education.

Tip. Sir *Harry*, I approve your Method; for since you have left off Hunting, you might otherwise want Exercise, and this is a subtle Expedient to preserve your own Health, and your Son's good Manners.

Sir Har. It has been the Custom of the *Gubbins* to preserve Severity and Discipline in their Families——I my self was caned the Day before my Wedding.

Tip. Ay, Sir *Henry*, had you not been well Cudgelled in your Youth, you had never been the Man you are.

Sir Har. You say right, Sir, now I feel the Benefit of it——There's a Crab-Tree near our House which flourishes for the good of my Posterity, and has brush'd our Jackets, from Father to Son, for several Generations——

Tip. I am glad to hear you have all things necessary for the Family within your selves——

Sir Har. Oh, yonder, I see *Numps* is coming——I have dress'd him in the very Suit I had on at my own Wedding; 'tis a most becoming Apparel——

Enter

Enter Humphry Gubbin.

Tip. Truly, the Youth makes a good Marriageable Figure.

Sir Har. Come forward, *Numps*, this is your Unkle *Tipkin*, your Mother's Brother, *Numps*, that is so kind as to bestow his Neice upon you. (*Don't be so Glum, Sirrah*) *don't bow to a Man with a Face as if you'd knock him down, don't, Sirrah.* [*Apart.*]

Tip. I am glad to see you, Cousin *Humphrey* — He is not Talkative, I observe already.

Sir Har. He is very shrowd, Sir, when he pleases; Do you see this Crab-stick, you Dog? [*Apart.*] Well, *Numps*, don't be out of Humour. Will you talk? [*Apart.*]. Come, we're your Friends, *Numps*, come, Lad.

Hump. You are a pure Fellow for a Father. This is always your Tricks, to make a great Fool of one before Company. [*Apart to his Father.*]

Sir Har. Don't disgrace me, *Sirrah* : You grim Graceless Rogue — [*Apart.*] Brother, he has been bred up to Respect and Silence before his Parents — Yet did you but hear what a noise he makes sometimes in the Kitchen, or the Kennel, he's the loudest of 'em all.

Tip. Well, Sir *Harry*, since you assure me he can speak, I'll take your Word for it.

Hump. I can speak when I see occasion, and I can hold my Tongue when I see occasion.

Sir Har. Well said, *Numps* — *Sirrah*, I see you can do well, if you will. [*Apart.*]

Tip. Pray walk up to me, Cousin *Humphry*.

Sir Har. Ay, walk too and fro between us with your Hat under your Arm. Clear up your Countenance. [*Apart.*]

Tip. I see, Sir *Harry*, you han't set him a Capering under a French Dancing-Master : He does not mince it : He has not learn'd to walk by a Courant, or a Boree — His Paces are natural — Sir *Harry*.

Hump.

Hump. I don't know but 'tis, so we walk in the West of England.

Sir Har. Ay, right *Numps*, and so we do—Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Brother, observe his Make, none of your Lath-back'd wishy washy Breed—Come hither, *Numps*. Can't you stand still? [*Apart.*]

[*Measuring his Shoulders.*]

Tip. I presume this is not the first time, Sir *Harry*, you have measur'd his Shoulders with your Cane.

Sir Har. Look y', Brother, two Foot and an half in the Shoulders.

Tip. Two Foot and an half? We must make some Settlement on the younger Children.

Sir Har. Not like him, Quotha'!

Tip. He may see his Cousin when he pleases.

Hump. But hark y', Unkle, I have a Scruple I had better mention before Marriage than after.

Tip. What's that? What's that?

Hump. My Cousin, you know, is a-kin to me, and I don't think it lawful for a young Man to marry his own Relations.

Sir Har. Hark y', hark y', *Numps*, we have got a way to solve all that: *Sirrah!* Consider this Cudgel! Your Cousin! suppose I'd have you Marry your Grandmother; what then? [*Apart.*]

Tip. Well, has your Father satisfy'd you in the Point, Mr. *Humphry*?

Hump. Ay, ay, Sir, very well: I have not the least Scruple remaining; no, no—not in the least, Sir.

Tip. Then hark y', Brother, we'll go take a Whet, and settle the whole Affair.

Sir Har. Come, we'll leave *Numps* here—he knows the Way. Not Marry your own Relations, *Sirrah!* [*Apart.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Hump. Very fine, very fine! How prettily this Park is stock'd with Soldiers, and Deer, and Ducks, and

F

Ladies

Ladies—— Ha ! where are the old Fellows gone ?
where can they be tro—— I'll ask these People——

Enter Pounce and Fainlove.

Hump. Ha, you pretty young Gentleman, did you see my Father ?

Fain. Your Father, Sir ?

Hump. A Weezel-fac'd cross old Gentleman with Spindle-Shanks ?

Fain. No, Sir.

Hump. A Crab-Tree Stick in his Hand ?

Pounce. We han't met any Body with these Marks, but sure I have seen you before—— Are not you Mr. *Humphry Gubbin*, Son and Heir to Sir *Henry Gubbin* ?

Hump. I am his Son and Heir—— But how long I shall be so I can't tell, for he talks every Day of Disinheriting me.

Pounce. Dear Sir, let me embrace you—— Nay, don't be offended if I take the Liberty to kiss you ; Mr. *Fainlove*, pray [*Fainlove kisses*] kiss the Gentleman—— Nay, dear Sir, don't stare and be surpriz'd, for I have had a desire to be better known to you ever since I saw you one Day clinch your Fist at your Father, when his Back was turn'd upon you—— For I must own I very much admire a young Gentleman of Spirit.

Hump. Why, Sir, would it not vex a Man to the Heart, to have an old Fool snubbing a Body every Minute afore Company——

Pounce. Oh fie, he uses you like a Boy.

Hump. Like a Boy ! He lays me on now and then, as if I were one of his Hounds—— You can't think what a Rage he was in this Morning, because I bogged a little at Marrying my own Cousin.

Pounce. A Man can't be too scrupulous, Mr. *Humphry*, a Man can't be too scrupulous.

Hump.

Hump. Sir, I could as soon love my own Flesh and Blood; we should squabble like Brother and Sister; do you think we should not? Mr.—Pray, Gentlemen, may I crave the Favour of your Names?

Pounce. Sir, I am the very Person that have been employ'd to draw up the Articles of Marriage between you and your Cousin.

Hump. Ay, say you so? Then you can inform me in some things concerning my self—Pray, Sir, what Estate am I Heir to?

Pounce. To Fifteen hundred Pound a Year, an in-tail'd Estate—

Hump. I am glad to hear it with all my Heart; and can you satisfie me in another Question—Pray how Old am I at present?

Pounce. Three and twenty last *March*.

Hump. Why, as sure as you are there, they have kept me back. I have been told by some of the Neighbourhood, that I was Born the very Year the Pigeon-house was built, and every Body knows the Pigeon-house is three and twenty—Why? I find there has been Tricks play'd me. I have obey'd him all along, as if I had been oblig'd to it.

Pounce. Not at all, Sir; your Father can't cut you out of one Acre of Fifteen hundred Pound a Year.

Hump. What a Fool have I been to give him his Head so long?

Pounce. A Man of your Beauty and Fortune may find out Ladies enough that are not a-kin to you.

Hump. Look y', Mr. what d'ye call—As to my Beauty, I don't know but they may take a liking to that—But, Sir, mayn't I crave your Name?

Pounce. My Name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your Service.

Hump. *Pounce*, with a P—!

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel*, with an S—

Hump. Why then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*, do you know any Gentlewoman that you think I could like? For,

to tell you truly, I took an Antipathy to my Cousin, ever since my Father propos'd her to me—And since every Body knows I came up to be Married, I don't care to go down, and look balk'd.

Pounce. I have a Thought just come into my Head—Do you see this young Gentleman? He has a Sister, a prodigious Fortune——Faith you two shall be acquainted——

Fain. I can't pretend to expect so accomplish'd a Gentleman as Mr. *Humphry* for my Sister, but being your Friend, I'll be at his Service in the Affair.

Hump. If I had your Sister, she and I should live like two Turtles.

Pounce. Mr. *Humphry*, you shan't be fool'd any longer, I'll carry you into Company; Mr. *Fainlove*, you shall introduce him to Mrs. *Clerimont's* Toilet.

Fain. She'll be highly taken with him——for she loves a Gentleman, whose Manner is particular.

Pounce. What, Sir, a Person of your Pretensions, a clear Estate, no Portions to pay! 'Tis Barbarous, your Treatment——Mr. *Humphry*, I'm afraid you want Money——There's for you——What, a Man of your Accomplishments? [Giving a Purse.]

Hump. And yet you see, Sir, how they use me——Dear Sir, you are the best Friend I ever met with in all my Life——Now I am flush of Money, bring me to your Sister, and I warrant you for my Behaviour——A Man's quite another thing with Money in his Pocket——you know.

Pounce. How little the Oaf wonders why I should give him Money! You shall never want, Mr. *Humphry*, while I have it——Mr. *Humphry*; but, dear Friend, I must take my leave of you, I have some extraordinary Business on my Hands. I can't stay: But you must not say a word——

Fain. But you must be in the way half an Hour hence, and I'll introduce you at Mrs. *Clerimont's*.

Pounce.



Pounce. Make 'em believe you are willing to have your Cousin *Bridget*, 'till opportunity serves; Farewel, dear Friend.

[*Ex. Pounce and Fain.*

Hump. Farewel, good Mr. *Samuel Pounce*—But let's see my Cash—'tis very true, the old Saying, a Man meets with more Friendship from Strangers, than his own Relations—Let's see my Cash, 1, 2, 3, 4, there on that side—1, 2, 3, 4, on that side; 'tis a foolish thing to put all ones Mony in one Pocket, 'tis like a Man's whole Estate in one County—These five in my Fob—I'll keep these in my Hand, least I should have a present Occasion—But this Town's full of Pick-pockets—I'll go home again.

[*Exit Whistling.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pounce, and Captain Clerimont with his Arm in a Scarf.

Pounce. YOU are now well enough instructed both in the Aunt and Neice to form your Behaviour.

Cler. But to talk with her apart is the great matter.

Pounce. The antiquated Virgin has a mighty Affectation for Youth, and is a great lover of Men and Mony—One of these, at least, I am sure I can gratifie her in, by turning her Pence in the Annuities, or the Stocks of one of the Companies; some way or other I'll find to entertain her, and engage you with the young Lady.

Cler. Since that is her Ladyship's turn, so busie and fine a Gentleman as Mr. *Pounce* must needs be in her good Graces.

Pounce. So shall you too——But you must not be seen with me at first Meeting, I'll Dog 'em, while you watch at a Distance. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aunt and Neice.

Neice. Was it not my Gallant that whistled so charmingly in the Parlour, before he went out this Morning? He's a most accomplish'd Cavalier.

Aunt. Come, Neice, come——You don't do well to make sport with your Relations, especially with a young Gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

Neice. Kindness for me! What a Phrase is there to express the Darts and Flames, the Sighs and Languishings of an expecting Lover!

Aunt. Pray, Neice, forbear this idle Trash, and talk like other People. Your Cousin *Humphry* will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and complement of Romances.

Neice. Good Madam, don't wound my Ears with such Expressions; do you think I can ever love a Man that's true and hearty! What a Peasant-like Amour do these coarse Words import? True and hearty! pray, Aunt, endeavour a little at the Embellishment of your Stile.

Aunt. Alack-a-day, Cousin *Biddy*, these idle Romances have quite turn'd your Head.

Neice. How often must I desire you, Madam, to lay aside that familiar Name, Cousin *Biddy*? I never hear it without blushing——Did you ever meet with an Heroine in those idle Romances as you call 'em, that was term'd *Biddy*?

Aunt. Ah! Cousin, Cousin——These are meer Vapours, indeed——Nothing but Vapours——

Neice.

Neice. No, the Heroine has always something soft and engaging in her Name—Something that gives us a Notion of the sweetness of her Beauty and Behaviour. A Name that glides through half a dozen tender Syllables, as *Elismonda*, *Clidamira*, *Deidamia*, that runs upon Vowels off the Tongue, not hissing through one's Teeth, or breaking them with Consonants—'Tis strange Rudeness those familiar Names they give us, when there is *Aurelia*, *Sacharissa*, *Gloriana*, for People of Condition; and *Celia*, *Chloris*, *Corinna*, *Mopsa*, for their Maids, and those of lower Rank.

Aunt. Look y', *Biddy*, this is not to be supported—I know not where you learn'd this Nicety; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your Mother was a *Bridget* afore you, and an excellent House-Wife.

Neice. Good Madam, don't upbraid me with my Mother *Bridget*, and an excellent House-Wife.

Aunt. Yes, I say, she was, and spent her time in better Learning than you ever did—not in reading of Fights and Battels of Dwarfs and Giants; but in writing out Receipts for Broths, Possets, Caudles and Surfeit-Waters, as became a good Country Gentlewoman.

Neice. My Mother, and a *Bridget*!

Aunt. Yes, *Neice*, I say again, your Mother, my Sister, was a *Bridget*! the Daughter of her Mother *Margery*, of her Mother *Sissy*, of her Mother *Alice*.

Neice. Have you no Mercy? Oh, the barbarous Genealogy!

Aunt. Of her Mother *Winifred*, of her Mother *Joan*.

Neice. Since you will run on, then I must needs tell you I am not satisfy'd in the point of my Nativity. Many an Infant has been placed in a Cottage with obscure Parents, 'till by chance some ancient Servant of the Family has known it by its Marks.

Aunt. Ay, you had best be search'd—That's like your calling the Winds the fanning Gales, before I don't know how much Company, and the Tree that was blown by it, had, forsooth, a Spirit imprison'd in the Trunk of it.

Neice. Ignorance!

Aunt. Then a Cloud this Morning had a flying Dragon in it.

Neice. What Eyes had you, that you could see nothing? For my part I look upon it to be a Prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before Night—But you have a gross Relish of Things. What noble Descriptions in Romances had been lost, if the Writers had been Persons of your Goust?

Aunt. I wish the Authors had been hang'd, and their Books burnt, before you had seen 'em.

Neice. Simplicity!

Aunt. A parcel of improbable Lies.

Neice. Indeed, Madam, your Raillery is course—

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young Girls, and fill their Heads with a thousand foolish Dreams of I don't know what.

Neice. Nay, now, Madam, you grow extravagant.

Aunt. What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your Good.

Neice. What, to burn *Philocles*, *Artaxerxes*, *Oroondates*, and the rest of the Heroick Lovers, and take my Country-Booby, Cousin *Humphry*, for an Husband!

Aunt. Oh Dear, Oh Dear, *Biddy*! Pray, good Dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the World; come, come, you shall marry your Cousin, and live comfortably.

Neice. Live comfortably! What kind of Life is that? A great Heireſs live comfortably! Pray, Aunt, learn

learn to raise your Idea's—What is, I wonder, to live comfortably?

Aunt. To live comfortably, is to live with Prudence and Frugality, as we do in *Lombard-Street*.

Neice. As we do—That's a fine Life, indeed, with one Servant of each Sex—Let's see how many things our Coachman is good for—He rubs down his Horses, lays the Cloth, whets the Knives, and sometimes makes Beds.

Aunt. A good Servant should turn his Hand to every thing in a Family.

Neice. Nay, there's not Creature in our Family, that has not two or three different Duties; as *John* is Butler, Footman and Coachman; so *Mary* is Cook, Laundress and Chamber-maid.

Aunt. Well, and do you laugh at that?

Neice. No—not I—nor at the Coach-Horses, tho' one has an easie Trot for my Unkle's Riding, and t'other an easie Pace for your Side-Saddle—

Aunt. And so you jeer at the good Management of your Relations, do you?

Neice. No, I'm well satisfied that all the House are Creatures of Business, but, indeed, was in hopes that my poor little Lap-Dog might have liv'd with me upon my Fortune without an Employment, but my Unkle threatens every Day to make him a Turn-spit, that he too, in his Sphere, may help us to live comfortably—

Aunt. Hark y', Cousin Biddy.

Neice. I vow I'm out of Countenance, when our Butler, with his careful Face, drives us all stowed in a Chariot, drawn by one Horse ambling, and t'other trotting, with his Provisions behind for the Family, from *Saturday Night* 'till *Monday Morning*, bound for *Hackney*—Then we make a comfortable Figure, indeed,

Aunt. So we do, and so will you always, if you marry your Cousin *Humphry*—

Neice. Name not the Creature.

Aunt. Creature! What, your own Cousin a Creature!

Neice. Oh, let's be going, I see yonder another Creature that does my Unkle's Law-Business, and has, I believe, made ready the Deeds, those barbarous Deeds!

Aunt. What, Mr. *Pounce* a Creature too! Nay, now I'm sure you're Ignorant—You shall stay, and you'll learn more Wit from him in an hour, than in a thousand of your foolish Books in an Age—Your Servant Mr. *Pounce*.

Enter Pounce.

Pounce. Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt any private Discourse.

Aunt. Not in the least, Sir.

Pounce. I should be loath to be esteem'd one of those, who think they have a Privilege of mixing in all Companies, without any Business, but to bring forth a loud Laugh, or vain Jest.

Neice. He talks with the Mein and Gravity of a *Paladin*. [*Aside.*

Pounce. Madam, I bought the other Day at three and an half, and sold at Seven—

Aunt. Then pray, Sir, sell for me in time. *Neice*, mind him; he has an infinite deal of Wit—

Pounce. This that I speak of was for you—I never neglect such Opportunities to serve my Friends.

Aunt. Indeed, Mr. *Pounce*, you are, I protest, without flattery, the wittiest Man in the World.

Pounce. I assure you, Madam, I said last Night before an hundred Head of Citizens, that Mrs. *Barshaba Tipkin* was the most Ingenious young Lady in the Liberties.

Aunt,

Aunt. Well, Mr. *Pounce*, you are so facetious——
But you are always among the great Ones——'Tis no wonder you have it.

Neice. Idle! Idle!

Pounce. But, Madam, you know Alderman *Grey-Goose*, he's a notable joking Man——Well, says he, here's Mrs. *Barshaba's* Health——She's my Mistress.

Aunt. That Man makes me split my Sides with Laughing, he's such a Wag——(Mr. *Pounce* pretends *Grey-Goose* said all this, but I know 'tis his own Wit, for he's in love with me.) [Aside.

Pounce. But, Madam, there's a certain Affair I should Communicate to you. [Apart.

Aunt. Ay, 'tis certainly so——He wants to break his Mind to me. [Captain *Clerimont* passing.

Pounce. Oh, Mr. *Clerimont*, Mr. *Clerimont*——Ladies, pray let me introduce this young Gentleman, he's my Friend, a Youth of great Virtue and Goodness, for all he's in a red Coat.

Aunt. If he's your Friend, we need not doubt his Virtue.

Cler. Ladies, you are taking the cool Breath of the Morning.

Neice. A pretty Phrase. [Aside.

Aunt. That's the pleasantest time this warm Weather.

Cler. Oh, 'tis the Season of the Pearly Dews, and gentle Zephirs.

Neice. Ay! pray mind that again, Aunt. [Aside.

Pounce. Shan't we repose our selves on yonder Seat, I love improving Company, and to communicate.

Aunt. 'Tis certainly so——He's in love with me, and wants Opportunity to tell me so——I don't care if we do——He's a most ingenious Man.

[Exe. Aunt and Pounce.

Cler.

Cler. We enjoy here, Madam, all the pretty Land-skips of the Country, without the pains of going thither.

Neice. Art and Nature are in a Rivalry, or rather a Confederacy, to adorn this beauteous Park with all the agreeable Variety of Water, Shade, Walks and Air. What can be more charming than these flowery Lawns?

Cler. Or these gloomy Shades —

Neice. Or these embroider'd Vallies —

Cler. Or that transparent Stream?

Neice. Or these bowing Branches on the Banks of it, that seem to admire their own Beauty in the Cristal Mirrour?

Cler. I am surpriz'd, Madam, at the Delicacy of your Phrase — Can such Expressions come from *Lombard-Street*?

Neice. Alas! Sir, What can be expected from an innocent Virgin, that has been immur'd almost one and twenty Years from the Conversation of Mankind, under the care of an *Urganda* of an *Aunt*?

Cler. Bless me, Madam, how have you been abus'd! Many a Lady before your Age has had an hundred Lances broken in her Service, and as many Dragons cut to pieces in Honour of her.

Neice. Oh, the charming Man! [*Aside.*]

Cler. Do you believe *Pamela* was one and twenty before she knew *Musidorus*?

Neice. I could hear him ever — [*Aside.*]

Cler. A Lady of your Wit and Beauty might have given occasion for a whole Romance in Folio before that Age.

Neice. Oh, the Powers! Who can he be? Oh, Youth unknown! But let me, in the first Place, know whom I talk to, for, Sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your Person, and your History — You seem, indeed, by your Deportment, and the distinguishing

guishing Mark of your Bravery which you bear, to have been in a Conflict—May I not know what cruel Beauty oblig'd you to such Adventures, 'till she pitied you?

Cler. Oh, the pretty Coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Oh, *Bleinheim, Blenheim!* Oh, *Cordelia, Cordelia!*

Neice. You mention the place of Battel—I would fain hear an exact Description of it—Our publick Papers are so defective, they don't so much as tell us how the Sun rose on that glorious Day—Were there not a great many flights of Vultures before the Battel began?

Cler. Oh, Madam, they have eaten up half my Acquaintance.

• *Neice.* Certainly never Birds of Prey were so feasted—by report, they might have liv'd half a Year on the very Legs and Arms our Troops left behind 'em.

Cler. Had we not fought near a Wood, we should ne'er have got Legs enough to have come home upon. The Joiner of the Foot-Guards has made his Fortune by it.

Neice. I shall never forgive your General—He has put all my antient Heroes out of Countenance. He has pull'd down *Cyrus* and *Alexander*, as much as *Louis-le-Grand*—But your own part in that Action?

Cler. Only that slight hurt, for the Astrologer said at my Nativity—Nor Fire, nor Sword, nor Pike, nor Musquet, shall destroy this Child, let him but avoid fair Eyes—But, Madam, mayn't I crave the Name of her that has captivated my Heart.

Neice. I can't guess whom you mean by that Description; but if you ask my Name—I must confess you put me upon Revealing what I always keep as the greatest Secret I have—for would you believe
it

it—they have call'd me—I don't know how to own it, but they have called me—*Bridget*.

Cler. Bridget?

Neice. Bridget.

Cler. Bridget?

Neice. Spare my Confusion, I beseech you, Sir, and if you have occasion to mention me, let it be by *Parthenissa*, for that's the Name I have assum'd ever since I came to Years of Discretion.

Cler. The insupportable Tyranny of Parents, to fix Names on helpless Infants, which they must blush at all their Lives after! I don't think there's a Sir-name in the World to match it.

Neice. No! What do you think of *Tipkin*?

Cler. Tipkin! Why, I think if I was a young Lady • that had it, I'd part with it immediately.

Neice. Pray, how would you get rid of it?

Cler. I'd change it for another — I could recommend to you three very pretty Sillables — What do you think of *Clerimont*?

Neice. Clerimont! Clerimont! Very well—But what right have I to it?

Cler. If you will give me leave, I'll put you in Possession of it. By a very few Words I can make it over to you, and your Children after you.

Neice. Oh, fie! Whither are you running! You know a Lover should Sigh in private, and Languish whole Years before he reveals his Passion; he should retire into some solitary Grove, and make the Woods and wild Beasts his Confidants—You should have told it to the Eccho half a Year before you had discover'd it, even to my Hand-maid. And yet besides—to talk to me of Children—Did you ever hear of an *Heroine* with a Big-belly?

Cler. What can a Lover do, Madam, now the Race of Giants is extinct? Had I liv'd in those Days, there had not been a Mortal six Foot high, but should have
own'd

own'd *Parthenissa* for the Paragon of Beauty, or measur'd his length on the Ground—*Parthenissa* should have been heard by the Brooks and Desarts at Midnight—The Eccho's Burden, and the River's Murmur.

Neice. That had been a Golden Age, indeed! But see my Aunt has left her Grave Companion, and is coming towards us—I command you to leave me.

Cler. Thus *Oroondates* when *Statira* dismiss'd him her Presence, threw himself at her Feet, and implor'd Permission but to live. [*Offering to Kneel.*]

Neice. And thus *Statira* rais'd him from the Earth, permitting him to live and love. [*Exit Cler.*]

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Is not Mr. *Pounce's* Conversation very improving, *Neice*?

Neice. Is not *Clerimont* a very pretty Name, Aunt?

Aunt. He has so much Prudence.

Neice. He has so much Gallantry.

Aunt. So sententious in his Expressions.

Neice. So polish'd in his Language!

Aunt. All he says, is, methinks, so like a Sermon.

Neice. All he speaks favours of Romance.

Aunt. Romance, *Neice*? Mr. *Pounce!* what favours of Romance?

Neice. No, I mean his Friend, the accomplish'd Mr. *Clerimont*.

Aunt. Fie, for one of your Years to commend a young Fellow!

Neice. One of my Years is mightily govern'd by Example! you did not dislike Mr. *Pounce*.

Aunt. What, Censorious too? I find there is no trusting you out of the House—A moment's fresh Air does but make you still the more in love with Strangers, and despise your own Relations.

Neice

Neice. I am certainly by the Power of an Enchantment plac'd among you, but I hope I this Morning employed one to seek Adventures, and break the Charm.

Aunt. Vapours, *Biddy*, indeed! Nothing but Vapours—Cousin *Humphry* shall break the Charm.

Neice. Name him not—Call me still *Biddy*, rather than Name that Brute. [*Exe. Aunt and Neice.*]

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. A perfect *Quixot* in Petticoats! I tell thee, *Pounce*, she governs her self wholly by Romance—It has got into her very Blood—She starts by Rule, and blushes by Example—Could I but have produc'd one instance of a Lady's complying at first Sight, I should have gain'd her Promise on the Spot—How am I bound to curse the cold Constitutions of the *Philoclea's* and *Statira's*! I am undone for want of Precedents.

Pounce. I am sure I labour'd hard to favour your Conference; and ply'd the old Woman all the while with something that tickled either her Vanity or her Covetousness; I consider'd all the Stocks, old and new Company, her own Complexion and Youth, Partners for Sword-Blades, Chamber of *London*, Banks for Charity, and Mine-Adventures, 'till she told me I had the Repute of the most facetious Man that ever came to *Garaway's*—For you must know publick Knaves and Stock-Jobbers pass for Wits at her end of the Town, as common Cheats and Gamesters do at yours.

Cler. I pity the Drudgery you have gone through, but what's next to be done towards getting my pretty *Heroine*?

Pounce. What should next be done, in ordinary Method of things—You have seen her, the next regular Approach is, that you cannot subsist a Moment, with-

without sending forth musical Complaints of your Misfortune by way of Serenade.

Cler. I can nick you there, Sir—I have a Scribbling-Army-Friend, that has writ a triumphant, rare, noisie Song, in honour of our late Victory, that will hit the Nymph's Fantafque to a Hair, I'll get every thing ready as fast as possible.

Pounce. While you are playing upon the Fort, I'll be within, and observe what Execution you do, and give you Intelligence accordingly.

Cler. You must have an Eye upon Mr. *Humphry*, while I feed the Vanity of *Parthenissa*—For I am so experienc'd in these Matters that I know none but Coxcombs think to win a Woman by any desert of their own—No, it must be done rather by complying with some prevailing Humour of your Mistress, than exerting any good Quality in your self.

*'Tis not the Lover's Merit wins the Field,
But to themselves alone the Beautons yield.*

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont, Fainlove (carrying her Lap-Dog) and Jenny.

Jen. **M** Adam, the Footman that's recommended to you is below, if your Ladyship will please to take him——

Mrs. Cler. Oh, fie; don't believe I'll think on't—— It is impossible he should be good for any thing—— The *English* are so saucy with their Liberty——I'll have all my lower Servants *French*——There cannot be a good Footman born out of an absolute Monarchy——

Jen. I am beholden to your Ladyship, for believing so well of the Maid Servants in *England*.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, *Jenny*, I could wish thou wer't really *French*; for thou art plain *English* in spite of Example——Your Arms do but hang on, and you move perfectly upon Joints. Not with a Swim of the whole Person——But I am talking to you, and have not adjusted my self to Day: What pretty Company a Glass is, to have another self! (*Kisses the Dog*) To converse in Soliloquy! To have Company that never contradicts or displeases us! The pretty visible Eccho of our Actions (*Kisses the Dog*) How easie too it is to be disencumber'd with Stays, where a Woman has any thing like Shape, if no Shape, a good Air——But I look best when I'm talking.

[*Kisses the Lap-Dog in Fainlove's Arms.*]

Jen. You always look well.

Mrs. Cler. For I'm always talking, you mean so, that disquiets thy sullen *English* Temper, but I don't really look so well when I am silent——If I do but
offer

offer to speak—Then I may say that—Oh, bless me, *Fenny*, I am so pale, I am afraid of my self—I have not laid on half red enough—What a Dough-bak'd thing was I before I improv'd my self, and travell'd for Beauty—However, my Face is very prettily design'd to Day.

Fain. Indeed, Madam, you begin to have so fine an Hand, that you are younger every Day than other.

Mrs. Cler. The Ladies abroad us'd to call me *Mademoiselle Titian*, I was so famous for my Colouring; but prethee, Wench, bring me my black Eye-brows out of the next Room.

Fen. Madam, I have 'em in my Hand.

Fain. It would be happy for all that are to see you to Day, if you could change your Eyes too.

Mrs. Cler. Gallant enough—No, hang it, I'll wear these I have on, this Mode of Village takes mightily, I had three Ladies last Week came over to my Complexion—I think to be a fair Woman this Fortnight, 'till I find I'm ap'd too much—I believe there are an hundred Copies of me already.

Fen. Dear Madam, won't your Ladyship please to let me be of the next Countenance you leave off?

Mrs. Cler. You may, *Fenny*—but I assure you—it is a very pretty piece of ill-nature, for a Woman that has any Genius for Beauty, to observe the Servile Imitation of her Manner, her Motion, her Glances, and her Smiles.

Fain. Ay, indeed, Madam, nothing can be so ridiculous as to imitate the Inimitable.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, as you say, *Fainlove*, the *French* Mein is no more to be learn'd, than the Language, without going thither—Then again to see some poor Ladies who have Clownish, Penurious, *English*
Huf-

Husbands, turn and torture their old Cloaths into so many Forms, and dye 'em into so many Colours, to follow me—What say'st, *Fenny*? What say'st? Not a Word?

Fen. Why, Madam, all that I can say—

Mrs. Cler. Nay, I believe, *Fenny*, thou hast nothing to say any more than the rest of thy Country-Women—The Splenaticks speak just as the Weather lets 'em—They are mere talking Barometers—Abroad the People of Quality go on so eternally, and still go on, and are Gay and Entertain—In *England* Discourse is made up of nothing but Question and Answer—I was t'other Day at a Visit, where there was a profound Silence, for, I believe, the third Part of a Minute.

Fen. And your Ladyship there?

Mrs. Cler. They infected me with their Dulness, who can keep up their good Humour at an *English* Visit—They sit as at a Funeral, silent in the midst of many Candles—One, perhaps, alarms the Room—'Tis very cold Weather—than all the Mute play their Fans—'till some other Question happens, and then the Fans go off again—

Boy. Madam, your Spinnet-Master is come.

Mrs. Cler. Bring him in, he's very pretty Company.

Fain. His Spinnet is, he never speaks himself.

Mrs. Cler. Speak, *Simpleton*? What then, he keeps out Silence, does not he—Oh, Sir, you must forgive me, I have been very Idle—Well, you pardon me (*Master Bows*—) Did you think I was perfect in the Song—(*Bows*) but pray let me hear it once more.

[*Let us see it—Reads.*]

S O N G.

S O N G.

*With studied Airs, and practis'd Smiles,
Flavia my Ravish'd Heart bequiles:
The Charms we make, are ours alone,
Nature's Works are not our own;
Her skilful Hand gives ev'ry Grace,
And shows her Fancy in her Face.
She feeds with Art and am'rous Rage,
Nor fears the Force of coming Age.*

You sing it very well ; but, I confess, I wish you'd give more into the *French Manner*.
Observe me Hum it *A-la-Françoise*.

With studied Airs, &c.

The whole Person, every Limb, every Nerve sings——
The *English* Way is only being for that time a mere Musical Instrument, just sending forth a Sound without knowing they do so——Now I'll give you a little of it, like an *English* Woman——You are to suppose I've deny'd you twenty times, look'd silly, and all that——Then with Hands and Face insensible——I have a mighty Cold.

With studied, &c.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, Captain *Clerimont*, and a very strange Gentleman, are come to wait on you.

Mrs. Cler. Let him and the very strange Gentleman come in.

Fain. Oh! Madam, that's the Country Gentleman I was telling you of.

Enter

Enter Humphry and Captain Clerimont.

Fain. Madam, may I do my self the Honour to commend Mr. *Gubbin*, Son and Heir to Sir *Harry Gubbin*, to your Ladyship's Notice?

Mrs. Cler. Mr. *Gubbin*, I am extreamly pleased with your Suit, 'tis Antique, and originally from *France*.

Hump. It is always lock'd up, Madam, when I'm in the Country. My Father prizes it mightily.

Mrs. Cler. 'Twould make a very pretty Dancing-Suit in a Mask. Oh! Captain *Clerimont*, I have a Quarrel with you.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, your Ladyship's Husband desires to know whether you see Company to day or not?

Mrs. Cler. Who, you Clown?

Ser. Mr. *Clerimont*, Madam.

Mrs. Cler. He may come in.

Enter Clerimont Senior.

Mrs. Cler. Your very humble Servant.

Cler. Sen. I was going to take the Air this Morning in my Coach, and did my self the Honour, before I went, to receive your Commands, finding you saw Company.

Mrs. Cler. At any time when you know I do, you may let me see you. Pray, how did you sleep last Night? If I had not ask'd him that Question, they might have thought we lay together [*Aside.*] [*Here Fainlove looking thro' a Perspective, bows to Clerimont Senior.*] But, Captain, I have a quarrel with you—I have utterly forgot those three Coupees you promis'd to come again, and shew me.

Cler. Sen. Then, Madam, you have no Commands this Morning?

Mrs.

The Accomplish'd Fools.

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Mrs. Cler. Your humble Servant, Sir — But, oh!
[*As she is going to be led by the Captain*] Have you sign'd
that Mortgage, to pay off my Lady Faddle's Winnings
at *Ombre*?

Cler. Sen. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Cler. Then all's well, my Honour's safe. [*Exit
Clerimont Sen.*] Come, Captain—lead me this Step
—for I'm apt to make a false one—You shall
shew me.

Cler. I'll shew you, Madam, 'tis no matter for a
Fiddle; I'll give you 'em the *French* way, in a teach-
ing Tune. Pray more quick—*Oh Mademoiselle que
faites vous—A moi—* There again—Now slide as
it were with and without Measure—There you out-
did the Gipsie—and you have all the Smiles of the
Dance to a tittle.

Mrs. Cler. Why truly I think that the greatest Part—
I have seen an *English* Woman dance a Jigg with the
Severity of a Vestal Virgin—

Hum. If this be *French* dancing and singing, I fancy
I could do it—Haw! Haw! [*Capers aside.*]

Mrs. Cler. I protest, Mr. Gubbin, you have almost
the Step, without any of our Country Bashfulness.
Give me your Hand—Haw! haw! So, so, a little
quicker—That's right, Haw! Captain, your Brother
deliver'd this Spark to me, to be diverted here 'till he
calls for him. [*Exit Clerimont.*]

Hum. This cutting so high makes one's Mony jingle
confoundedly: I'm resolv'd I'll never carry above one
Pocket full hereafter.

Mrs. Cler. You do it very readily—You amaze
me.

Hum. Are the Gentlemen in *France* generally so
well-bred as we are in *England*—Are they, Madam,
ha! But, young Gentleman, when shall I see this Si-
ster? Haw! haw! haw! Is not the higher one jumps
she better?

Fain.

Fain. She'll be mightily taken with you, I'm sure. One would not think 'twas in you—You're so gay—and dance so very high—

Hump. What should ail me? Did you think I was Wind-gall'd? I can sing too, if I please—but I won't 'till I see your Sister—This is a mighty pretty House.

Mrs. Cler. Well, do you know that I like this Gentleman extremely? I should be glad to 'form him—But were you never in *France*, *Mr. Gubbin*?

Hump. No—but I'm always thus pleasant, if my Father is not by—I protest I'd advise your Sister to have me—I'm for Marrying her at once—Why should I stand shilly-shally, like a Country Bumpkin?

Fain. *Mr. Gubbin*, I dare say, she'll be as forward as you; we'll go in, and see her. [*Apart.*]

Mrs. Cler. Then he has not yet seen the Lady he is in Love with. I protest very new and gallant—*Mr. Gubbin*, she must needs believe you a frank Person.—*Fainlove*, I must see this Sister too, I'm resolv'd she shall like him.

*There needs not time true Passion to discover;
The most believing is the most a Lover.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Neice sola.

Neice. Oh *Clerimont*! *Clerimont*! To be struck at first sight! I'm asham'd of my Weakness; I find in my self all the Symptoms of a raging Amour; I love Solitude, I grow pale, I sigh frequently, I call upon the Name of *Clerimont* when I don't think of it—His Person is ever in my Eyes, and his Voice in my Ears—Me-thinks I long to lose my self in some pensive Grove, or to hang over the Head of some warbling Fountain, with a Lute in my Hand, softning the Murmurs of the Water.

Enter

The Accomplish'd Fools.

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Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Bidly, Bidly; where's Bidly Piskin?

Neice. Whom do you enquire for?

Aunt. Come, come, he's just a-coming at the Park Door.

Neice. Who is coming?

Aunt. Your Cousin *Humphry*—— who should be coming? Your Lover, your Husband that is to be—— Pray, my Dear, look well, and be civil for your Credit, and mine too.

Neice. If he answers my Idea, I shall rally the Rustick to Death.

Aunt. Hift—— here he is.

Enter Humphry.

Hump. Aunt, your humble Servant—— Is that——
Ha! Aunt?

Aunt. Yes, Cousin *Humphry*, that's your Cousin *Bridget*. Well, I'll leave you together.

[Exit Aunt. They sit.]

Hump. Aunt does as she'd be done by, Cousin *Bridget*, does not she, Cousin? Ha! What are you a *Londoner*, and not speak to a Gentleman? Look y', Cousin, the old Folks resolving to marry us. I thought it would be proper to see how I lik'd you, as not caring to buy a Pig in a Poke —— for I love to look before I leap.

Neice. Sir, your Person and Address bring to my mind the whole History of *Valentine* and *Orson*: What, would they marry me to a wild Man? Pray answer me a Question or two.

Hump. Ay, ay, as many as you please, Cousin *Bridget*.

Neice. What Wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?

Hump. Caught!

Neice. Where were your Haunts?

G

Hump.

Hump. My Haunts!

Neice. Are not Clothes very uneasy to you? Is this strange Dress the first you ever wore?

Hump. How!

Neice. Are not you a great Admirer of Roots, and raw Flesh?—Let me look upon your Nails.—Don't you love Black-berries, Haws, and Pig-nuts, mightily?

Hump. How!

Neice. Canst thou deny that thou wer't suckled by a Wolf? You han't been so barbarous, I hope, since you came amongst Men, as to hunt your Nurse——have you?

Hump. Hunt my Nurse? Ay, 'tis so, she's distracted as sure as a Gun——Hark ye, Cousin, pray will you let me ask you a Question, or two?

Neice. If thou hast yet learn'd the use of Language, speak Monster.

Hump. How long have you been thus?

Neice. Thus! What wouldst thou say?

Hump. What's the Cause of it? Tell me truly now——Did you never love any Body before me?

Neice. Go, go, thou'rt a Savage. [*Rises.*

Hump. They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

Neice. Thou'rt a Monster, I tell thee.

Hump. Indeed, Cousin, tho' 'tis a Folly to tell thee so——I am afraid thou art a mad Woman.

Neice. I'll have thee carried into some Forest.

Hump. I'll take thee into a dark Room.

Neice. I hate thee.

Hump. I wish you did——There's no Hate lost, I assure you, Cousin *Bridget*.

Neice. Cousin *Bridget*, quoth a'——I'd as soon claim Kindred with a Mountain Bear——I detest thee.

Hump. You never do any harm in these Fits, I hope——But do you hate me in earnest?

Neice. Dost thou ask it, ungentle Forester?

Hump.

Hump. Yes, for I've a reason, look ye. It happens very well if you hate me, and are in your Senses, for to tell you truly—I don't much care for you; and there is another fine Woman, as I am inform'd, that is in some hopes of having me.

Neice. This merits my Attention. [*Aside.*]

Hump. Look y' d'fée—as I said, since I don't care for you—I would not have you set your Heart on me—but if you like any Body else let me know it—and I'll find out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive the old Folks that would Couple us.

Neice. This wears the Face of an Amour—There is something in that Thought which makes thy Presence less insupportable.

Hump. Nay, nay, now you're growing fond; if you come with these Maid's Tricks, to say you hate at first, and afterwards like me—you'll spoil the whole Design.

Neice. Don't fear it—When I think of Conforting with thee, may the wild Boar defile the cleanly Ermin, may the Tyger be wedded to the Kid.

Hump. When I of thee, may the Pole-Cat Catterwaul with the Civet.

Neice. When I harbour the least Thought of thee, may the Silver *Thames* forget its Course.

Hump. When I like thee, may I be fows'd over Head and Ears in a Horse-Pond—But do you hate me?

Enter Aunt.

Neice. For ever; and you me?

Hump. Most heartily.

Aunt. Ha, I like this—They are come to Promises—and Protestations. [*Aside.*]

Hump. I am very glad I have found a way to please you.

Neice. You promise to be constant.

Hump. 'Till Death.

Neice. Thou best of Savages.

Hump. Thou best of Savages! Poor *Biddy*.

Aunt. Oh the pretty Couple joking on one another. Well, how do you like your Cousin *Humphry* now?

Neice. Much better than I thought I should — He's quite another thing than what I took him for — We have both the same Passion for one another.

Hump. We wanted only an Occasion to open our Hearts — Aunt.

Aunt. Oh, how this will rejoice my Brother, and Sir *Harry*! we'll go to 'em.

Hump. No, I must fetch a walk with a new Acquaintance, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*.

Aunt. An excellent Acquaintance for your Husband; come, *Neice*, come.

Neice. Farewel, Rustick.

Hump. Buy, *Biddy*.

Aunt. Rustick! *Biddy*! Ha! ha! pretty Creatures.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cler. Does she expect me then, at this very Instant?

Pounce. I tell you, she order'd me to bring the Painter at this very Hour, precisely, to draw her Neice—for to make her Picture peculiarly Charming, she has now that down-cast pretty Shame, that warm Cheek, glowing with the Fear and Hope of to-Day's Fate, with the inviting, coy Affectation of a Bride, all in her Face at once. Now I know you are a Pretender that way.

Cler. Enough, I warrant, to personate the Character on such an inspiring Occasion.

Pounce. You must have the Song I spoke of, perform'd at this Window—at the end of which I'll give you a Signal—Every thing is ready for you, your Pencil, your Canvas stretch'd—your—Be sure you play your part in Humour: To be a Painter for a Lady, you're to have the excessive Flattery of a Lover; the ready Invention of a Poet; and the easie Gesture of a Player.

Cler. Come, come, no more Instructions, my Imagination out-runs all you can say: Be gone, be gone!

[Exit Pounce.]

A S O N G.

I.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet so shy?
Why does that cold forbidding Air
Give Damps of Sorrow and Despair?

G 3

Or

*Or why that Smile my Soul subdue,
And kindle up my Flames anew?*

II.

*In vain you strive with all your Art,
By turns to freeze and fire my Heart :
When I behold a Face so fair,
So sweet a Look, so soft an Air,
My ravish'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee less nor more.*

After the Song Pounce appears beckoning the Captain.

Pounce. Captain, Captain.

[Exit Captain.]

SCENE *Neice's Lodgings, two Chairs and a Table.*

Enter Aunt and Neice.

Aunt. Indeed, Neice, I am as much overjoy'd to see your Wedding-Day, as if it were my own.

Neice. But, why must it be huddled up so?

Aunt. Oh, my Dear, a private Wedding is much better, your Mother had such a bustle at hers, with Feasting and Fooling: Besides, they did not go to Bed 'till two in the Morning.

Neice. Since you understand things so well, I wonder you never married your self.

Aunt. My Dear, I was very cruel thirty Years ago, and no Body has ask'd me since.

Neice. Alas-a-day!

Aunt. Yet, I assure you, there were a great many Matches propos'd to me——There was Sir *Albert Folly*, but he, forsooth, could not please; he drank Ale, and smok'd Tobacco, and was no fine Gentleman, forsooth——but, then again, there was young Mr. *Peregripe Shapely*, who had travell'd, and spoke French,
and

and smil'd at all I said; he was a fine Gentleman——
but then he was Consumptive: And yet again, to see
how one may be mistaken; Sir *Folly* dy'd in half a
Year, and my Lady *Shapely* has by that thin slip eight
Children, that should have been mine; but here's the
Bridegroom. So, Cousin *Humphry*!

Enter Humphry.

Hump. Your Servant, Ladies——So, my Dear——

Neice. So, my Savage——

Aunt. O fie, no more of that to your Husband,
Biddy.

Hump. No matter, I like it as well as Duck or
Love: I know my Cousin loves me as well as I do
her.

Aunt. I'll leave you together; I must go and get
ready an Entertainment for you when you come
home. [Exit.

Hump. Well, Cousin, are you constant?——Do you
hate me still?

Neice. As much as ever.

Hump. What an Happiness it is, when Peoples In-
clinations jump? I wish I knew what to do with you:
Can you get no Body, d'ye think, to Marry you?

Neice. Oh! *Clerimont, Clerimont!* Where art thou?
[Aside

Enter Aunt and Captain Clerimont disguis'd.

Aunt. This, Sir, is the Lady, whom you are to
draw——You see, Sir, as good Flesh and Blood as a
Man would desire to put in Colours——I must have
her Maiden Picture.

Hump. Then the Painter must make haste——Ha,
Cousin!

Neice. Hold thy Tongue, good Savage.

Cler. Madam, I'm generally forc'd to new-mould
every Feature, and mend Nature's Handy-work; but

here she has made so finish'd an Original, that I despair of my Copy's coming up to it.

Aunt. Do you hear that, Neice?

Neice. I don't desire you to make Graces where you find none.

Cler. To see the difference of the Fair Sex! — I protest to you, Madam, my Fancy is utterly exhausted with inventing Faces for those that sit to me. The first Entertainment I generally meet with, are Complaints for want of Sleep; They never look'd so pale in their Lives, as when they sit for their Pictures — Then so many Touches and Retouches, when the Face is finish'd — That Wrinkle ought not to have been, those Eyes are too languid, that Colour's too weak, that Side-look hides the Mole on the left Cheek. In short, the whole Likeness is struck out: But in you, Madam, the highest I can come up to will be but rigid Justice.

Hump. A comical Dog this!

Aunt. Truly, the Gentleman seems to understand his Business.

Neice. Sir, if your Pencil flatters like your Tongue, you are going to draw a Picture that won't be at all like me. Sure I have heard that Voice somewhere. [*Aside.*

Cler. Madam, be pleas'd to place your self near me, nearer still, Madam, here falls the best Light — You must know, Madam, there are three kinds of Airs which the Ladies most delight in — There is your Haughty — your Mild — and your Pensive Air — The Haughty may be express'd with the Head a little more erect than ordinary, and the Countenance with a certain Disdain in it, so as she may appear almost, but not quite, inexorable: This kind of Air is generally heightned with a little knitting of the Brows — I gave my Lady *Scornwell* her choice of a dozen Frowns, before she could find one to her liking.

Neice. But what is the Mild Air?

Cler.

Cler. The mild Air is compos'd of a Languish, and a Smile—But if I might advise, I'd rather be a Pensive Beauty; the Pensive usually feels her Pulse, leans on one Arm, or sits ruminating with a Book in her Hand—which Conversation she is suppos'd to chuse, rather than the endless Importunities of Lovers.

Hump. A comical Dog—

Aunt. Upon my word he understands his Business well; I'll tell you, Neice, how your Mother was drawn—She had an Orange in her Hand, and a Nosegay in her Bosom, but a Look so pure and fresh-colour'd, you'd have taken her for one of the Seasons.

Cler. You seem indeed, Madam, most inclin'd to the Pensive—The Pensive delights also in the fall of Waters, pastoral Figures, or any rural View suitable to a fair Lady, who with a delicate Spleen has retir'd from the World, as sick of its Flattery and Admiration.

Neice. No—since there is room for Fancy in a Picture, I would be drawn like the Amazon *Thalestris*, with a Spear in my Hand, and an Helmet on a Table before me—At a distance behind let there be a Dwarf, holding by the Bridle a Milk-white Palfrey—

Cler. Madam, the Thought is full of Spirit, and if you please, there shall be a *Cupid* stealing away your Helmet, to shew that Love shou'd have a Part in all gallant Actions.

Neice. That Circumstance may be very Picturesque.

Cler. Here, Madam, shall be your own Picture, here the Palfrey, and here the Dwarf—The Dwarf must be very little, or we shan't have room for him.

Neice. A Dwarf cannot be too little.

Cler. I'll make him a Blackamore, to distinguish him from the other too powerful Dwarf—(sighs) the

Cupid—I'll place that beauteous Boy near you, 'twill look very Natural—He'll certainly take you for his Mother *Venus*.

Neice. I leave these Particulars to your own Fancy.

Cler. Please, Madam, to uncover your Neck a little; a little lower still—a little, little lower.

Neice. I'll be drawn thus, if you please, Sir.

Cler. Ladies, have you heard the News of a late Marriage between a young Lady of a great Fortune, and a younger Brother of a good Family?

Anst. Pray, Sir, how is it?

Cler. This young Gentleman, Ladies, is a particular Acquaintance of mine, and much about my Age and Stature; (look me full in the Face, Madam) he accidentally met the young Lady, who had in her all the Perfections of her Sex; (hold up your Head, Madam, that's right) she let him know that his Person and Discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her—The Difficulty was how to gain a second Interview, (your Eyes full upon mine, Madam) for never was there such a Sigher in all the Vallies of *Arcadia*, as that unfortunate Youth, during the Absence of her he lov'd—

Anst. A-lack-a-day—poor young Gentleman!

Neice. It must be he—what a charming Amour is this! *[Aside.*

Cler. At length, Ladies, he bethought himself of an Expedient; he dress'd himself just as I am now, and came to draw her Picture, (your Eyes full upon mine, pray Madam.)

Hump. A subtle Dog, I warrant him.

Cler. And by that means found an Opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.

Anst. Indeed your Friend was a very vicious young Man.

Neice. Yet perhaps the young Lady was not displeas'd at what he had done.

Cler.

Cler. But, Madam, what were the Transports of the Lover, when she made him that Confession?

Neice. I dare say she thought her self very happy, when she got out of her Guardian's Hands.

Aunt. 'Tis very true, Neice—There are abundance of those Head-strong young Baggages about Town.

Cler. The Gentleman has often told me, he was strangely struck at first Sight; but when she sat to him for her Picture, and assum'd all those Graces that are proper for the Occasion—his Torment was so exquisite, his Passion so violent, that he could not have liv'd a Day, had he not found means to make the Charmer of his Heart his own.

Hump. 'Tis certainly the foolishhest thing in the World to stand shilly-shally about a Woman, when one has a Mind to marry her.

Cler. The young Painter turn'd Poet on the Subject; I believe I have the Words by heart.

Neice. A Sonnet! pray repeat it.

I.

*While gentle Parthenissa walks,
And sweetly Smiles, and gaily Talks,
A thousand Shafts around her fly,
A thousand Swains unheeded die.*

II.

*If then she labours to be seen,
With all her killing Air and Mien;
From so much Beauty, so much Art,
What Mortal can secure his Heart?*

Hump. I fancy if 'twas sung, 'twould make a very pretty Catch.

Cler. My Servant has a Voice, you shall hear it.

[*Here 'tis Sung.*]

Aunt.

Asmt. Why this is pretty? I think a Painter should never be without a good Singer——It brightens the Features strangely——I profess I'm mightily pleas'd, I'll but just step in, and give some Orders, and be with you presently. [Exit.]

Neice. Was not this adventurous Painter call'd *Clerimont*?

Cler. It was *Clerimont* the Servant of *Parthenissa*; but let me beseech that beauteous Maid to resolve, and make the Incident I feign'd to her a real one——Consider, Madam, you are environ'd by cruel and treacherous Guards, which would force you to a disagreeable Marriage, your case is exactly the same with the Princess of the *Leontines* in *Clelia*.

Neice. How can we commit such a Solecism against all Rules! What, in the first Leaf of our History to have the Marriage? You know it cannot be.

Cler. The pleasantest part of the History will be after Marriage.

Neice. No! I never yet read of a Knight that entered Tilt or Tournament after Wedlock——'tis not to be expected——when the Husband begins, the Heroe ends; all that noble Impulse to Glory, all the generous Passion for Adventures is consum'd in the Nuptial Torch, I don't know how it is, but *Mars* and *Hymen* never hit it.

Hump. Lifting] Consum'd in the Nuptial Torch! *Mars* and *Hymen*! What can all this mean——I am very glad I can hardly read——They could never get these foolish Fancies into my Head——I had always a strong Brain. [Aside.] Harky' Cousin, is not this Painter a comical Dog?

Neice. I think he's very agreeable Company——

Hump. Why then I tell you what——marry him——A Painter's a very genteel Calling——He's an ingenious Fellow, and certainly Poor. I fancy he'd be glad
on't;

on't; I'll keep my Aunt out of the Room a Minute or two, that's all the Time you have to consider—[*Exit.*

Cler. Fortune points out to us this only occasion of our Happiness: Love's of Coelestial Origine, and needs no long Acquaintance to be manifest. Lovers like Angels speak by Intuition—Their Souls are in their Eyes—

Neice. Then I fear he sees mine. [*aside.*] But I can't think of abridging our Amours, and cutting off all farther decoration of Disguise, Serenade, and Adventure.

Cler. Nor would I willingly lose the Merit of long Services, midnight Sighs, and plaintive Solitudes— Were there not a Necessity.

Neice. Then to be seiz'd by Stealth!

Cler. Why, Madam, you are a great Fortune, and should not be married the common way. Indeed, Madam, you ought to be stol'n, nay, in strictness, I don't know but you ought to be ravish'd.

Neice. But then our History will be so short.

Cler. I grant it, but you don't consider there's a Device in another's leading you instead of this Person that's to have you; and, Madam, tho' our Amours can't furnish out a Romance, they'll make a very pretty Novel—Why smiles my Fair?

Neice. I am almost of Opinion, that had *Oroondates* been as pressing as *Clerimont*, *Cassandra* had been but a Pocket-Book: But it looks so ordinary, to go out at a Door to be married—Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a Window, and run away with.

Enter Humphry and Pounce.

Hump. Well, Cousin, the Coach is at the Door. If you please I'll lead you.

Neice. I put my self into your Hands, good Savage; but you promise to leave me.

Hump.

Hump. I tell you plainly, you must not think of having me.

Pounce. [To Cler.] You'll have Opportunity enough to carry her off; the old Fellows will be busie with me—I'll gain all the Time I can, but be bold and prosper.

Neice. Clerimont, you follow us.

Cler. Upon the Wings of Love.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Clerimont Sen. and Fainlove.

Cler. Sen. **T**HEN she gave you this Letter, and bid you read it as a Paper of Verses?

Fain. This is the Place, the Hour, the lucky Minute—Now am I rubbing up my Memory, to recollect all you said to me when you first ruin'd me, that I may attack her right.

Cler. Sen. Your Eloquence would be needless — 'tis so unmodish to need Perswasion: Modesty makes a Lady embarras'd — But my Spouse is above that, as for Example, [Reading her Letter.] 'Fainlove, You don't seem to want Wit — therefore I need say no more, than that Distance to a Woman of the World is becoming in no Man, but an Husband: An hour hence come up the back Stairs to my Closet.

Adieu Mon Mignon.

I am glad you are punctual, I'll conceal my self to observe your Interview—Oh, Torture! but this Wench must not see it— [Aside.]

Fain. Be sure you come time enough to save my Reputation.

Cler. Sen.

Cler. Sen. Remember your Orders, Distance becomes no Man but an Husband.

Fain. I am glad you are in so good Humour on the Occasion; but you know me to be but a Bully in Love, that can Bluster only 'till the Minute of Engagement——But I'll top my Part, and form my Conduct by my own Sentiments——If she grows Coy, I'll grow more Saucy——'Twas so I was won my self——

Cler. Sen. Well, my dear Rival——your Assignment draws nigh——you are to put on your Transport, your Impatient throbbing Heart won't let you wait her Arrival——Let the dull Family-thing an Husband, who reckons his Moments by his Cares, be content to wait, but you are a Gallant, and measure Time by Extasies.

Fain. I hear her coming——to your Post——good Husband know your Duty, and don't be in the way when your Wife has a Mind to be in private——To your Post, into the Cole-hole.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont.

Welcome my Dear, my tender Charmer——Oh! to my longing Arms——feel the Heart pant, that falls and rises as you smile or frown——Oh, the extatick Moment!

I think that was something like what has been said to me. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Cler. Very well——*Fainlove*——I protest I value my self for my Discerning——I knew you had Fire through all the Respect you shew'd me——But how came you to make no direct Advances, young Gentleman?——Why was I forc'd to admonish your Gallantry?——

Fain. Why, Madam, I knew you a Woman of Breeding, and above the senseless Niceties of an *English* Wife——The *French* way is, you are to go so far, whether

whether you are agreeable or not: If you are so happy as to please, no body that is not of a constrain'd Behaviour is at a Loss to let you know it — Besides, if the humble Servant makes the first Approaches, he has the Impudence of making a Request, but not the Honour of obeying a Command.

Mrs. Cler. Right — a Woman's Man should conceal Passion in a familiar Air of Indifference — now there's Mr. *Clerimont*; I can't allow him the least Freedom, but the unfashionable Fool grows so fond of me, he cannot hide it in Publick —

Fain. Ay, Madam, I have often wonder'd at your Ladyship's Choice of one that seems to have so little of the *beau monde* in his Carriage, but just what you force him to — while there were so many pretty Gentlemen —

[*Dancing.*

Mrs. Cler. O young Gentleman, you are mightily mistaken, if you think such Animals as you, and pretty Beau *Titmouse*, and pert Billy *Butterfly*, tho' I suffer you to come in, and play about my Rooms, are any ways in competition with a Man whose Name one would wear.

Fain. Oh Madam! then I find we are —

Mrs. Cler. A Woman of Sense must have respect for a Man of that Character; but alas! Respect — What is Respect? Respect is not the thing — Respect has something too solemn for soft Moments — You things are more proper for Hours of Dalliance.

Cler. Sen. peeping.] How have I wrong'd this fine Lady! — I find I am to be a Cuckold out of her pure Esteem for me.

Mrs. Cler. Besides those Fellows for whom we have Respect, have none for us: I warrant on such an occasion *Clerimont* would have ruffled a Woman out of all Form, while you —

Cler. Sen. A good hint — now my Cause comes on,

[*Aside.*

Fain.

Fain. Since then you allow us fitter for soft Moments, why do we misemploy 'em? Let me kiss that beautiful Hand, and clasp that graceful Frame.

Mrs. Cler. How, *Fainlove*! What, you don't design to be impertinent — But my Lips have a certain roughness on 'em to Day, han't they?

Fain. kissing.] No — they are all Softness — Their delicious Sweetness is inexpressible — Here Language fails — Let me applaud Thy Lips not by the Utterance, but the Touch of Mine.

Enter Clerimont Sen. drawing his Sword.

Cler. Sen. Ha, Villain! Ravisher! Invader of my Bed and Honour! draw.

Mrs. Cler. What means this Insolence — this Intrusion into my Privacy? What, do you come into my very Closet without knocking? Who put this into your Head? —

Cler. Sen. My Injuries have alarm'd me, and I'll bear no longer, but sacrifice your Bravado, the Author of 'em.

Mrs. Cler. Oh! poor Mr. *Fainlove* — Must he die for his Complaisance, and innocent Freedoms with me? How could you, if you might? Oh! the sweet Youth! What, fight Mr. *Fainlove*? What will the Ladies say?

Fain. Let me come at the Intruder on Ladies private Hours — The unfashionable Monster — I'll prevent all future Interruption from him — Let me come —

[Drawing his Sword.]

Mrs. Cler. O the brave pretty Creature! Look at his Youth and Innocence — He is not made for such rough Encounters — Stand behind me — Poor *Fainlove*! — There is not a Visit in Town, Sir, where you shall not be display'd at full length for this Intrusion — I banish you for ever from my Sight and Bed.

Cler. Sen.

Cler. Sen. I obey you, Madam, for Distance is becoming in no Man but an Husband—[*Giving her the Letter which she reads, and falls into a Swoon.*] I've gone too far—[*kissing her.*] The Impertinent was guilty of nothing but what my Indiscretion led her to— This is the first Kiss I've had these six Weeks—but she awakes—

Well, *Fenny*, you topp'd your part, indeed—Come to my Arms thou ready willing Fair One—Thou hast no Vanities, no Niceties; but art thankful for every Instant of Love that I bestow on thee—

[*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Cler. What, am I then abus'd? Is it a Wench then of his? Oh me! Was ever poor abus'd Wife, poor innocent Lady thus injur'd!

[*Runs and seizes Fainlove's Sword.*

Cler. Sen. Oh the brave pretty Creature—Hurt Mr. *Fainlove*! Look at his Youth, his Innocence— Ha! ha!

[*Interposing.*

Fain. Have a Care, have a Care, dear Sir—I know by my self she'll have no Mercy.

Mrs. Cler. I'll be the Death of her—Let me come on—Stand from between us, Mr. *Clerimont*—I would not hurt you.

[*Pushing and crying.*

Cler. Sen. Run, run, *Fenny*.

[*Exit Fenny.*

[*Looks at her upbraidingly before he speaks.*

Well, Madam, are these the innocent Freedoms you claim'd of me? Have I deserv'd this? How has there been a Moment of yours ever interrupted with the real Pangs I suffer? The daily Importunities of Creditors, who become so by serving your profuse Vanities: Did I ever murmur at supplying any of your Diversions, while I believ'd 'em (as you call'd 'em) harmless? Must then those Eyes that us'd to glad my Heart with their familiar Brightness, hang down with Guilt? Guilt has transform'd thy whole Person; nay,
the

the very memory of it—Fly from my growing Passion.

Mrs. Cler. I cannot fly, nor bear it—Oh! look not —

Cler. Sen. What can you say? speak quickly.

[Offering to draw.

Mrs. Cler. I never saw you mov'd before — Don't murder me impenitent; I'm wholly in your Power as a Criminal, but remember I have been so, in a tender Regard.

Cler. Sen. But how have you consider'd that Regard?

Mrs. Cler. Is't possible you can forgive what you ensnar'd me into? — Oh, look at me kindly — You know I have only err'd in my Intention, nor saw my Danger, 'till, by this honest Art, you had shown me what 'tis to venture to the utmost Limit of what is lawful. You laid that Train, I'm sure, to alarm, not to betray, my Innocence — Mr. Clerimont scorns such Baseness! Therefore I kneel — I weep — I am convinc'd.

[Kneels.

[Takes her up embracing her.

Cler. Sen. Then kneel, and weep no more — my Fairest — my Reconcil'd! — Be so in a Moment, for know I cannot (without wringing my own Heart) give you the least Compunction — Be in Humour — It shall be your own Fault, if ever there's a serious Word more on this Subject.

Mrs. Cler. I must correct every Idea that rises in my Mind, and learn every Gesture of my Body anew—I detest the thing I was.

Cler. Sen. No, no——You must not do so——Our Joy and Grief, Honour and Reproach, are the same; you must slide out of your Foppery by degrees, so that it may appear your own Act.

Mrs. Cler. But this Wench!----

Cler. Sen.

152 *The Tender Husband: Or,*

Cler. Sen. She is already out of your Way — You shall see the Catastrophe of her Fate your self — But still keep up the fine Lady 'till we go out of Town — You may return to it with as decent Airs as you please — And now I've shewn you your Error, I'm in so good Humour as to repeat you a Couplet on the Occasion —

*They only who gain Minds true Lawrels wear:
'Tis less to conquer, than convince, the Fair.* [Exe.

Enter Pounce with Papers.

[*A Table, Chairs, Pen, Ink and Paper.*]

Pounce. 'Tis a delight to gall these old Rascals, and set 'em at variance about Stakes which I know neither of 'em will ever have Possession of.

Enter Tipkin and Sir Harry.

Tip. Do you design, Sir Harry, that they shall have an Estate in their own Hands, and keep House themselves, poor Things?

Sir Har. No, no, Sir, I know better; they shall go down into the Country, and live with me, not touch a Farthing of Money, but having all Things necessary provided, they shall go tame about the House, and Breed.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, then considering that all human Things are subject to change, it behoves every Man that has a just Sense of Mortality, to take care of his Money.

Sir Har. I don't know what you mean, Brother — What do you drive at, Brother?

Tip. This Instrument is executed by you, your Son, and my Neice, which discharges me of all Retrospects.

Sir Har.

Sir Har. It is confess'd, Brother; but what then?—

Tip. All that remains is, That you pay me for the young Lady's Twelve Years Board, as also all other Charges, as wearing Apparel, &c.

Sir Har. What is this you say? Did I give you my Discharge from all Retrospects, as you call it, and after all do you come with this and t'other, and all that? I find you are, I tell you, Sir, to your Face, I find you are —

Tip. I find too what you are, Sir *Henry*.

Sir Har. What am I, Sir? What am I?

Tip. Why, Sir, you are angry.

Sir Har. Sir, I scorn your Words, I am not angry—Mr. *Pounce* is my Witness, I am as gentle as a Lamb—Would it not make any Flesh alive angry, to see a close Hunks come after all with a Demand of—

Tip. Mr. *Pounce*, pray inform Sir *Harry* in this Point?

Pounce. Indeed, Sir *Harry*, I must tell you plainly, that Mr. *Tipkin*, in this, demands nothing but what he may recover—For tho' this Case may be consider'd *Multifariam*; that is to say, as 'tis usually, commonly, *Vicatim*, or vulgarly express'd—Yet, I say, when we only observe, that the Power is settled as the Law requires, *Assensu Patris*, by the Consent of the Father—That Circumstance imports you are well acquainted with the Advantages which accrue to your Family, by this Alliance, which corroborates Mr. *Tipkin*'s Demand, and avoids all Objections that can be made.

Sir Har. Why then, I find, you are his Adviser in all this—

Pounce. Look'e, Sir *Harry*, to show you I love to promote among my Clients a good Understanding; tho' Mr. *Tipkin* may claim Four Thousand Pounds, I'll engage for him, and I know him so well, that
he

he shall take Three thousand nine hundred and ninety eight Pound, four Shillings, and eight Pence Farthing.

Tip. Indeed, Mr. *Pounce*, you are too hard upon me.

Pounce. You must consider a little, Sir *Harry* is your Brother.

Sir Har. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety eight Pound, four Shillings, and eight Pence Farthing! For what, I say? For what, Sir?

Pounce. For what, Sir! For what she wanted, Sir; a fine Lady is always in want, Sir—Her very Clothes would come to that Money in half the time.

Sir Har. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety eight Pounds, four Shillings, and eight Pence Farthing for Clothes! Pray, how many Suits does she wear out in a Year?

Pounce. Oh, dear Sir, a fine Lady's Clothes are not old by being worn, but by being seen.

Sir Har. Well, I'll save her Clothes for the future, after I have got her into the Country—I'll warrant her she shall not appear more in this wicked Town, where Clothes are worn out by Sight—And as to what you demand, I tell you, Sir, 'tis Extortion.

Tip. Sir *Harry*, do you accuse me of Extortion?

Sir Har. Yes, I say Extortion.

Tip. Mr. *Pounce*, write down that—There are very good Laws provided against Scandal and Calumny—Loss of Reputation may tend to loss of Money—

Pounce. Item, For having accus'd Mr. *Tipkin* of Extortion.

Sir Har. Nay, if you come to your Items—Looky', Mr. *Tipkin*, this is an Inventory of such Goods as were left to my Neice *Bridget* by her deceas'd Father, and which I expect shall be forth-coming at her Marriage to my Son—

Imprimis, A golden Locket of her Mother's, with something very Ingenious in *Latin* on the inside of it —

Item, A couple of Musquets with two Shoulder-belts and Bandeliers.

Item, A large Silver Caudle-Cup, with a true Story engraven on it.

Pounce. But, Sir *Harry* —

Sir Har. *Item*, A Base Viol with almost all the Strings to it, and only a small hole on the Back.

Pounce. But nevertheless, Sir —

Sir Har. This is the Furniture of my Brother's Bed-Chamber that follows — A Suit of Tapestry Hangings, with the Story of *Judith* and *Holofernes*, torn only where the Head should have been off — an old Bedsted curiously wrought about the Posts, consisting of two Load of Timber. A Hoan, a Balm, three Razors, and a Comb-Case — Look ye, Sir, you see I can *Item* it.

Pounce. Alas, Sir *Harry*, if you had ten Quire of *Items*, 'tis all answer'd in the Word *Retrospect*.

Sir Har. Why then, Mr. *Pounce* and Mr. *Tipkin*, you are both Rascals.

Tip. Do you call me Rascal, Sir *Harry*?

Sir Har. Yes, Sir.

Tip. Write it down, Mr. *Pounce* — at the end of the Leaf.

Sir Har. If you have room, Mr. *Pounce* — Put down Villain, Son of a Whore, Curmadgeon, Hunks, and Scoundrel.

Tip. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*, he cannot write so fast, you are at the Word Villain — Son of a Whore, I take it, was next — You may make the Account as large as you please, Sir *Harry*.

Sir Har. Come, come, I won't be us'd thus — Mark y', Sirrah, draw — What do you do at this end
of

of the Town without a Sword? — Draw, I say —

Tip. Sir Harry, you are a Military Man, a Colonel of the Militia.

Sir Har. I am so, Sirrah, and will run such an Extorting Dog as you through the Guts, to show the Militia is useful.

Pounce. Oh dear, Oh dear! — How am I concern'd to see Persons of your Figure thus mov'd? — The Wedding is coming in — We'll settle these things afterwards.

Tip. I am calm.

Sir Har. *Tipkin*, live these two Hours — but expect —

Enter Humphry leading Neice, Mrs. Clerimont led by Fainlove, Captain Clerimont and Clerimont Sen.

Pounce. Who are these? Hey-day, who are these, Sir Harry? Ha!

Sir Har. Some Frolick, 'tis Wedding-day — no matter.

Hump. Haw, haw; Father — Master Unkle — Come, you must stir your Stumps, you must Dance — Come, old Lads, kiss the Ladies —

Mrs. Cler. Mr. *Tipkin*, Sir Harry — I beg Pardon for an Introduction so *Mal-a-Propos* — I know sudden Familiarity is not the *English* way — Alas, Mr. *Gubbin*, this Father and Unkle of yours must be new modell'd — How they stare both of 'em!

Sir Har. Hark y', *Numps*, who is this you have brought hither? Is it not the famous fine Lady Mrs. *Clerimont* — What a Pox did you let her come near your Wife? —

Hump. Look y', don't expose your self, and play some mad Country Prank to disgrace me before her — I shall be laugh'd at, because she knows I understand better.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cler. I Congratulate, Madam, your coming out of the Bondage of a Virgin State—A Woman can't do what she will properly 'till she's-marry'd.

Sir Har. Did you hear what she said to your Wife?

Enter Aunt before a Service of Dishes.

Aunt. So, Mr. Bridegroom, pray take that Napkin, and serve your Spouse to Day, according to Custom.

Hump. *Mrs. Clerimont*, pray know my Aunt.

Mrs. Cler. Madam, I must beg your Pardon; I can't possibly like all that vast load of Meat that you are sending in to Table—besides, 'tis so offensively sweet, it wants that Haut-gout we are so delighted with in France.

Aunt. You'll pardon it, since we did not expect you. Who is this? *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam, I only speak for the future, little Sawcers are so much more Polite—Look y', I'm perfectly for the *French* way, where-e'er I'm admitted, I take the whole upon me.

Sir Har. The *French*, Madam—I'd have you to know—

Mrs. Cler. You'll not like it at first, out of a natural *English* Sullenness, but that will come upon you by degrees—When I first went into *France*, I was mortally afraid of a Frog, but in a little time I cou'd eat nothing else, except Sallads.

Aunt. Eat Frogs! have I kiss'd one that has eat Frogs—Paw! Paw!

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam—A Frog and a Sallad are delicious Fare—'tis not long come up in *France* it self, but their Glorious Monarch has introduc'd the Diet which makes 'em so Spiritual—He eradicated all gross Food by Taxes, and for the Glory of the Monarch sent the Subject a grazing; but I fear I defer the Entertainment and Diversion of the Day.

H

Hump.

Hump. Now Father, Uncle— before we go any further, I think 'tis necessary we know who and who's together— then I give either of you two Hours to guess which is my Wife— And 'tis not my Cousin— so far I'll tell you.

Sir Har. How! What do you say? But oh!— you mean she is not your Cousin now— she's nearer a-kin, that's well enough— Well said *Numps*— Ha, ha, ha.

Hump. No, I don't mean so, I tell you, I don't mean so— My Wife hides her Face under her Hat.

[*All looking at Fainlove.*]

Tip. What does the Puppy mean? His Wife under a Hat!

Hump. Ay, ay, that's she, that's she— A good Jest 'faith—

Sir Har. Hark y', *Numps*— what dost mean, Child— Is that a Woman, and are you really marry'd to her?

Hump. I am sure of both.

Sir Har. Are you so, Sirrah? then, Sirrah, this is your Wedding-dinner, Sirrah— Do ye see, Sirrah, here's Roast-Meat.

Hump. Oh ho! what, beat a marry'd Man! Hold him, Mr. *Clerimont*, Brother *Pounce*, Mr. Wife; No Body stand by a young marry'd Man!

[*Runs behind Fainlove.*]

Sir Har. Did not the Dog say, Brother *Pounce*? what, is this Mrs. *Ragon*— This Madam *Clerimont*! Who the Devil are you all, but especially who the Devil are you too?

[*Beats Humphry and Fainlove off the Stage, following.*]

Tip. [*aside.*] Master *Pounce*, all my Neice's Fortune will be demanded now— for I suppose that Red Coat has her— Don't you think you and I had better break?

Pounce. You may do as soon as you please, but 'tis my Interest to be honest a little longer.

Tip. Well, Biddy, since you would not accept of your Cousin, I hope you han't dispos'd of your self elfewhere.

Neice. If you'll for a little while suspend your Curiosity, you shall have the whole History of my Amour to this my Nuptial-day, under the Title of the Loves of *Clerimont* and *Parthenissa*.

Tip. Then, Madam, your Portion is in safe Hands----

Cler. Come, come, old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to contend; here's honest Mr. *Pounce* shall be my Engineer, and I'll warrant you we beat you out of all your Holds —

Aunt. What then is Mr. *Pounce* a Rogue? he must have some Trick, Brother, it cannot be; he must have cheated t'other side, for I'm sure he's honest.

[*Apart to Tipkin.*

Cler. Sen. Mr. *Pounce*, all your Sister has won of this Lady, she has honestly put into my Hands, and I'll return it her, at this Lady's particular Request.

[*To Pounce.*

Pounce. And the Thousand Pounds you promis'd in your Brother's behalf, I'm willing shou'd be hers also.

Cler. Then go in, and bring 'em all back to make the best of an ill Game, we'll eat the Dinner, and have a Dance together, or we shall transgress all Form.

Re-enter Fainlove, Humphry, and Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Well, since you say you are worth something, and the Boy has set his Heart upon you, I'll have patience 'till I see further.

Pounce. Come, come, Sir *Harry*. you shall find my Alliance more considerable than you imagine, the

Pounce's are a Family that will always have Mony, if
there's any in the World——Come, Fiddles.

DANCE here.

Cler. *You've seen th' Extreams of the Domestick Life,
A Son too much confin'd——too free a Wife;
By generous Bonds you either shou'd restrain,
And only on their Inclinations gain;
Wives to obey must love, Children revere,
While only Slaves are govern'd by their Fear.*



EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Eastcourt*.

B *Ritons, who constant War, with factious Rage,
For Liberty against each other wage,
From Foreign Insult save this English Stage.
No more th'Italian squaling Tribe admit,
In Tongues unknown; 'tis Popery in Wit.
The Songs (their selves confess) from Rome they bring;
And 'tis High-Mass, for ought you know, they sing.
Husbands take Care, the Danger may come nigher,
The Women say their Eunuch is a Friar.*

*But is it not a serious Ill to see
Europe's great Arbiters so mean can be;
Passive, with an affected Joy to sit,
Suspend their native Taste of Manly Wit;
Neglect their Comic Humour, Tragic Rage,
For known Defects of Nature, and of Age?
Arise for shame, ye Conqu'ring Britons, rise,
Such unadorn'd Effeminacy despise;
Admire (if you will doat on Foreign Wit)
Not what Italians Sing, but Romans Writ:
So shall less Works, such as to-Night's slight Play,
At your Command, with Justice die away;
'Till then forgive your Writers, that can't bear
You shou'd such very Tramontanes appear,
The Nations, which contemn you, to revere.*

EPILOGUE.

*Let Anna's Soil be known for all its Charms ;
As Fam'd for Lib'ral Sciences, as Arms :
Let those Derision meet, who would Advance
Manners, or Speech, from Italy or France ;
Let them learn You, who wou'd your Favour find,
And English be the Language of Mankind.*

F I N I S.



